

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1901,

PRICE 2 CENTS

To Gain "INDEPENDENCE" you must have "GOLD COIN."

SECURE BOTH BY BUYING STOCK IN

THE COPPER-ROCK GOLD MINING & MILLING CO.

Now selling at 20 cents per share par value \$1.00 and NON-ASSESSABLE. The price will shortly be advanced to 40 cents per share. The property is located 30 miles Northwest of Dover on the COLORADO, NORTH-WESTERN R. R., comprising sixty (60) acres in a well-established and paying mineral belt. RAILROAD at the property (giving cheapest and best transportation). Have ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF WATER for all mining and milling purposes. TIMBER ENOUGH for the mine for many years to come. Shaft is now 250 feet deep and is being sunk to 500 feet level as fast as possible and has been in Ore nearly the entire distance. The drifts already run have opened up good bodies of both Milling and Smelting Ore, running in values from \$4.25 to \$118.98 per ton in Gold, Silver and Copper.

Several of the stockholders, who were induced to buy stock by the Officers of the Company, recently visited the property and have given a strong letter endorsing same and all representations as made to them concerning the Enterprise.

Send in your order now before stock advances, as right to raise prices without notice is reserved.

GEO. F. HATHEWAY,

153 Milk Street, Boston.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

OUR BEST

MAINE CORN

CUT TO

8c. Can. 90c. Dozen.

THIS CORN IS STRICTLY HIGH-GRADE and is usually sold at 12c. to 15c.

We have several cars of CANNED GOODS bought to arrive and make the above unusually low price to close out what we have in stock before we receive the new goods.

Ames' Branch Butter Store,

35 CONGRESS ST.

Other stores:—Boston, Fitchburg, Quincy, Everett, Leominster, Attleboro, Gloucester, Clinton, Nashua, Newburyport, Woburn, Dover.

To Parents

We announce our regular clearance sale of boys' and children's suits for school wear, including suits for boys of all ages from four to sixteen.

The prices have been placed at \$1.85 and \$2.85, or about one-half regular price.

Henry Peyser & Son.

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

AT

A. P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

NOT POISONED.

Experts Examine Bullets Fired By Czolgosz.

Trial Commences Today Before The Supreme Court.

District Attorney Claims The Prisoner Is Perfectly Sane.

BUFFALO, Sept. 22.—The most important development of the day in the Czolgosz case has been the announcement that no poison had been found on the bullet or in the revolver with which President McKinley was killed. Chemically and bacteriological examinations were made and both revealed the fact that both were free from poison. An other examination to determine the exact mental condition of the prisoner was made in the Erie county jail this afternoon by Dr. Carlos F. McDonald of New York, the alienist, who was brought here for the defense by the Erie County Bar association, and Arthur W. Hurd, superintendent of the Buffalo state hospital. The alienist was with the assassin for an hour and a half and when they left declined to discuss the case. District Attorney Penny and his entire staff spent all day Sunday at the city hall preparing for the trial, which will begin before Justice White in part three of the supreme court tomorrow morning. Mr. Penny had conferences with the alienists and with City Chemist Hobart M. Hills, who submitted his report upon the examination of the bullet and revolver. Although great secrecy was maintained at the district attorney's office it was learned this afternoon that Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, one of the most noted alienists in the United States and who was an expert witness at the trial of Gitan, is at Buffalo. Not a doubt as to Czolgosz's sanity exists in the mind of District Attorney Penny, so that it is presumed that Dr. Hamilton is here to meet questions of insanity should the defense determine to make a strike on these grounds.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—A very impressive memorial service was held at Chase's Grand Opera house in this city this afternoon. An hour before the exercises began, every seat in the theatre, holding over 4000 people, was taken, and an overflow meeting on Fifteenth street was arranged for. Fully 5000 people stood in the street throughout the afternoon; listening to addresses in eulogy of the late President McKinley. Postmaster General Smith occupied a box and many prominent officials were in the audience. The exercises consisted of five-minute addresses by ministers of the different denominations in the city and music suitable for the occasion.

AGUINALDO FEARS ASSASSINATION.

MANILA, P. I., Sept. 22.—Since Aguinaldo left Gen. McArthur's house for his present place of confinement, he has never left the premises, although he has been at liberty to do so if accompanied by an officer. The reason assigned, is that he fears assassination at the hands of followers of the late General Luna.

INSURGENTS SURRENDER.

MANILA, P. I., Sept. 22.—Aguinaldo's guard, Albrambla, two captains, two lieutenants and twenty-nine men with twenty-eight rifles, surrendered about forty miles north of Baler, Island of Luzon, to Captain George A. Detchemendy of the 29th infantry yesterday. They took the oath and were released.

SPENT A QUIET DAY.

OTTAWA, Sept. 22.—The Duke and Duchess of York spent today at Rideau hall, resting, after a week of travel and receptions. They attended service at the cathedral 1st eleven o'clock and that was their only public appearance during the day.

BASE BALL.

The following was the result of the games played yesterday:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

St. Louis 5, Brooklyn 3; at St. Louis. Chicago 9, Pittsburgh 15; at Chicago. Cincinnati 12, New York 0, first game; Cincinnati 2, New York 10, second game; at Cincinnati.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday and Tuesday, slightly warmer along the coast. Light to fresh northwesterly winds diminishing.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Marietta is due here the first of the week.

Work is being pushed on the big ferry Newport.

Lieut. Craven, U. S. N., has charge of the band.

Boat builders are scarce and will soon be in demand.

The big shed for the dry dock stone cutters is ready for use.

The decorations upon the main office building have been removed.

The torpedo boat Biddle will be hauled into the Franklin ship house.

Captain P. F. Harrington, U. S. N., has returned from Wilmington, Delaware.

It is understood that Commander J. V. B. Bleeker U. S. N., will be ordered here for duty when the Marietta goes out of commission.

Chief Inspector of granite, Timothy Sullivan is one of the busiest men on the yard and he is proving one of the most careful men on the staff of the civil engineers.

THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

John Mason closed at the Hollis theatre, Boston, in The Altar of Friendship, on Saturday evening, a grand comedy drama of English high life, and will probably be seen in this city this season. This play is under the direction of Jacob Litt. Viola Allen, in The Palace of the King takes the place of The Altar of Friendship at the Hollis.

A ONE-SIDED GAME.

The Christian Shore ball team was easily trimmed by the Athletics at Maphwood park on Saturday afternoon. Walter Woods pitched for the winning team and had the opposing boys at his mercy, striking them out in one, two three order. Wilbur, the Greenland player, caught Woods in fine form. Parsons also pitched an elegant game but had no support, wild throws being responsible for lots of runs. Goodrich caught well. The score was 20 to 3. It was probably the last game of the season at the park.

AN IMMENSE WATER PLANT.

The citizens of Kittery are soon to have the finest water supply of any town in the state of Maine through the enterprise of Hon. Frank Jones. The immense plant which he has been at work on at Folly pond is about completed. He visited the spot on Sunday with a party of friends and found that the immense stone dams were about completed. The water system has been put in to give the Portsmouth navy yard just what it needs and what it must have in order to be made a first class station.

Eruptions

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous. The thing to do is to help the system discharge the humors, and to strengthen it against their return.

Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. G. Hines, Frank, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time; and Miss Alvina Wolter, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body, by which she had been greatly troubled. There are more testimonials in favor of this great medicine than can be published.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. No longer put off treatment. Buy a bottle of Hood's today.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

Caught in the Web, which will play an engagement at Music hall next Friday evening, is a play that pleases pit, balcony and gallery. The story is that of a young detective who is placed on the trail of a dear friend accused of embezzlement. The nature of the plot affords many opportunities for stage effects, and they have been so developed as to be effective portions of the evening's entertainment. After resting under a dangerous suspicion that threatens his undoing, the detective's friend is cleared, and the crime is fixed on the cashier of the bank which has been robbed. It is mainly because of the cashier's intrigues and schemes that the blame has rested on the innocent, and the unearthing of his villainy clears the horizon.

Dick Leonard, the detective, is a splendidly dream character. His manliness and straightforwardness lend an air which shows to good effect Mike Fitzgerald, Irish and proud of it, and Chris Schoenhoffen, who can't agree with Mike, furnish lots of good comedy, which keeps the audience in a good humor from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The work of Miss Gertrud Norris as Edna Stanley is simply delightful. This lady lends to the character a charming personality, a cool breezy, natural, light comedy voice, a simply irresistible, and which establishes her a firm favorite with the audience long before the end of Act I. Miss Norris' gowns are all imported, and are marvels of the dressmaker's art.

DER BAD ROY.

All roads will lead to Music Hall, Tuesday evening for the lovers of fun, mirth and frolic, the attraction being Peck's Bad Roy. The cast includes some of last season's favorites with Miss Violet Hilson in the title role, Fred Weizel as the German grocer, and Miss Lillian My White, of whom too much cannot be said. Miss White, besides having a fine voice, dashing way, beautiful dresses, sings the latest songs of the day in a most captivating manner. The great Brindamour, the chief of wizards, knows more tricks than seem unexplainable to the eye of the uninitiated than any artist in his line. The Madison Brothers easily prove themselves the smartest boxers and bag punchers of their age. Don't miss this show.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Spangas Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

RUNAWAY.

A horse owned by Solomon Schurman, ran away on Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. The horse was left standing in front of Philbrick's Pharmacy on Congress street, hitched to a milk team, and in some way managed to slip his bridle and started on a dash up the street. He went along all right until he struck the front of the North church, where he left the wagon, milk cans and all. The horse was caught at the South end. No damage was done to the wagon with the exception of two broken shafts.

ORGANIZATION OF D. & E. R. COMPANY.

The Dover & Eliot Street Railway company has organized with three officers: Gov. John F. Hill, Maine, president; John Kivel, Dover, clerk; John F. Hill, George W. Vickery, Charles B. Hall, Augusta, Me.; Nathaniel C. Hobbs, Samuel Meserve, Dennis, Osh, Alonzo M. Foss, Dover, directors. It is stated to be the intention of the company to commence building the road early next spring.

ANNUAL CLAMBAKE.

The members of the Portsmouth Yacht club, held their annual clambake at Clark's Island Sunday, and it was enjoyed by a large crowd. The members and invited guests, went down in launches and sailboats and when the clambake was opened there were fully a hundred men down to it. On the return one of the sailboats capsized owing to being overloaded, but barring the occupants escaped serious injury, but had to stand considerable time from the more fortunate.

TO PLEAD GUILTY.

Charles A. McCloud, the confessed murderer of Mrs. Sarah E. Waldron, agreed to plead guilty. This agreement was made on Saturday with Hon. Horace Mitchell of Kittery Point, and the latter thinks McCloud will keep his word. The case, it is expected, will be quickly disposed of this week.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Sept. 22.—Tug Peidmoost, Baltimore, towing barge Number Nine, with coal; tug H. A. Mathes, York, towing barge P. N. Co. Number 10 for Boston, with brick; schooner Chas. C. Miles, Stonington for navy yard, with stone; Harvest Home, Somersville, do.; Glendy Burke, Bangor for New Haven, with lumber; Frank and Ira, (British) St. John for Stonington with lumber; George H. Mills, Vine Haven for New York, with stone; J. S. Lamphrey, do.; Annie B. Lewis, Bangor for Bridgeport, with lumber; Charles A. Hunt, Stonington for Boston, with stone; Itasca, Millbridge for Boston, with lumber; Stella Maud, (British) St. John for Vineyard Haven, with lumber; Clara J. Cherryfield for Weymouth, with lumber; Disalep, Boston for Rockport, light.

Arrived, Sept. 23.—Schooners Annie Sargent, Rockport for Portsmouth, with lime; James A. Maloy, Advocate, (N. S.), for New York, with splicing; Lizzie V. Hall, Perth Amboy for Dover, with coal; J. H. Butler, Franklin for Boston with slabs; Agnes Manning, Baltimore, with coal.

Sailed, Sept. 23.—Tug Piscataqua Boston, towing barges Dover and P. N. Co. No 10; schooner Harvester, Vine Haven.

TO BE SENATOR BURNHAM'S GUESTS.

The American veterans have accepted the invitation of Senator Henry E. Burnham and will visit Washington in a convenient time during the session of congress as his guests. Senator Burnham was for two years commander of the veterans, and is held in high esteem by every member of the command. A committee, consisting of Major Frank P. Kimball, Col. W. A. I. Gram, Capt. John F. Dowd, Quartermaster Nathaniel F. Perkins and Major Moody K. Wilson, has been appointed to make all the arrangements for the trip.

SPORTING NOTES.

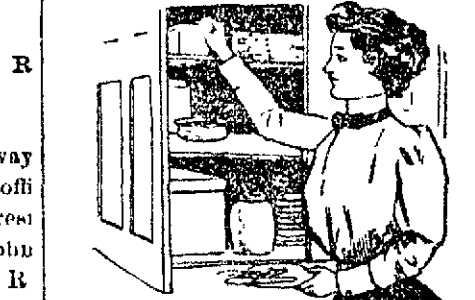
A strong football team will probably be formed in this city for the coming season.

The Maplewood Athletic club is to have a meeting this Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a football team.

Portsmouth people are in hopes that Ira Newick will make the Dartmouth varsity football team this fall.

The high school boys are a bit slow in organizing a football team this year. If they intend to have one they should be practicing by this time.

At the police station on Sunday night there were two occupants of the cell room. One was for intoxication and disturbances and the other was a lodger. On Saturday evening there were two lodgers and one drunk.



Piecing.

That's a word which may not be in the dictionary in this sense of its use, but which is in very common use in some sections of the country. "She's always piecing" they say of the woman who runs to the cupboard at irregular hours and eats a piece of pie, cake, or some other dainty. This irregular eating is one of the chief causes of dyspepsia and "weak" stomach.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are completely cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the supply of rich, pure blood, and gives the body vitality and vigor. "A year ago I was feeling very badly," writes Mrs. Lizzie Abrams, of 185 Johnson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. "I had a very poor appetite and when I sat down at the table I could not eat, but would have to go away without even tasting the food. Chancing to hear from a friend who used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' for a disease similar to mine, I thought I would give the medicine a trial, and I can hardly express the benefit received from it. The first dose seemed to do me good. My appetite returned and I was able to eat heartily. I have improved so much since taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I do not look like the same person. Am today well and strong—the result of taking six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Portsmouth W. C. T. U. Selects Officers for the Year and Passes Resolutions.

At the annual meeting of the Portsmouth W. C. T. U. the resignation of Mrs. Tyler as president was read and accepted. Resolutions of regret were presented by Mrs. Perkins. The officers for the year were chosen as follows:

President—Mrs. Susan Deverson; Corresponding and recording secretary—Miss Lizzie D. Tripp; Treasurer—Mrs. Clara Ridge; Vice presidents—Advent church, Mrs. Lottie Frye; Baptist church, Mrs. Corob; Congregational church, Miss Bessie Choate; Christian church, Mrs. Gardner; Episcopal church, Mrs. Harriet Billbruck; Methodist church, Mrs. Watts; Universalist church, Mrs. Lucas. The state convention opens at Woods ville, Tuesday, Sept. 24. The local union will be represented by Mrs. Lizzie Perkins, delegate, and Miss Lizzie D. Tripp, state superintendent of press work.

They Work While You Sleep.

While your mind and body rest Cascares Candy Cathartic repair your digestion, your liver, your bowels, put them in perfect order. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

KITTERY.

River-side lodge of Odd Fellows will hold a regular meeting at Odd Fellows' hall this evening.

Mrs. Mabel Brackett, who has been restricted to her home for several days, is much improved in health.

Mr. Harry Adlington will leave in a few days to accept a position as manager in a telegraph office in Boston.

At the regular meeting of Naval lodge of Masons on Wednesday evening, the installation of officers will take place and one application will be acted on.

The L'Inconnu club will open its second season of popular assemblies in Wentworth hall on Friday evening, Oct. 11, with a strictly invitation and select affair. The invitations this season will be numbered and the number will be registered at the box office, so that no one will be admitted who has not been invited, while the ladies will be obliged to receive admission tickets at the box office, also. This will ensure a respectable and agreeable party every evening, and those who attend will be free from all disagreeable companions. The club has promoted some excellent assemblies in the past two years.

New Departure

I have a new stock of Wall Papers and Paints Which I can furnish at Lowest Prices.

Charles E. Walker, Government St., Kittery, Me.

OBITUARY.

William H. Hall.

The death of William H. Hall of New Castle, a well known tigger, occurred at his home on Sunday. He was seventy-eight years of age last July. He is survived by a wife, two sons and two daughters.

Elizabeth Varrell Hatch.

At the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. F. Varrell, Marcy street, on Sunday, Sept. 22d, occurred the death of Elizabeth Varrell Hatch. Deceased was about forty years of age and had been ill for many months with consumption. Three brothers and four sisters, besides her parents, survive her.

Edward Foster.

Word was received here Sunday fore noon, of the death at the home of his daughter in Newmarket, of Edward Foster of this city. Foster left here on Saturday noon, to visit his daughter in Newmarket, Mrs. Bassett. He was found in an unconscious condition along side the road, near the cemetery, in that town early Sunday morning and was removed to his daughter's home, where soon after he died. Deceased was about sixty years of age and leaves three daughters, two resident of this city and one in Newmarket.

The temptation to visit Hampton beach for the ride could not be resisted on Sunday afternoon and the cars carried numerous pleasure seekers, who had a fine afternoon at this great resort.

TESTIMONY OF HARBOR

Texas' Executive Officer Before Schley
Court of Inquiry.

COALING SHIPS AT SEA.

The Witness Thinks the Weather
Was Not Too Rough to Take
on Coal Off the Southern
Coast of Cuba.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Admiral Dewey observed his usual rule of promptness in calling the Schley court of inquiry to order at 11 o'clock today. All the members of the court were present on the minute, and Admiral Schley sat with his counsel at the table set apart for them on the left of the witness seat. The attendance of the public was somewhat larger than on yesterday.

The first witness called was Captain Harber, executive officer of the Texas during the Spanish war.

The witness said that while lying off Cienfuegos he, with others, had seen lights from the shore, which from their nature they took to be signals, but that no attention had been paid to them until the 24th, when the Marblehead had arrived and, he understood, had responded to the signals and communicated with those on shore.

He also said that the Texas had been in no great need of coal while lying off Cienfuegos, but that she could have taken more and would have been glad to get it. The Iowa had coaled there, he said. The questions and replies on this point were as follows:

"Have you had any experience in coaling vessels in the waters of the West Indies or in that part of the world?"

"I had some experience shortly before while lying at Tortugas."

"If, as executive officer of the Texas, you had received instructions at that time, on the 24th, to coal ship, what would you have done?"

"I would have coaled ship probably."

"Was there anything in the conditions of weather or the sea then prevailing to have prevented the Texas from taking coal on the 24th?"

"On the evening of the 24th I do not think the sea was any heavier than existed when I successfully coaled ship at Tortugas, although the coiler was a heavier vessel. I coaled ship in Tortugas with a considerable sea, the coiler having only about 3,500 tons."

"Of course I can understand you don't go to sea to coal ship, but in an emergency you think you could have coaled the Texas on that day?"

"I believe we could have taken coal on the Texas, yes."

The sail to Santiago.

Describing the sail to Santiago, the witness said there had been rough weather, but that the Texas could have made better time than it did. He said that when the squadron arrived in sight of the Yule and other American vessels off Santiago on the evening of May 23 all the vessels cleared for action, thinking they were vessels of the enemy. When they discovered their mistake, Captain Philip had signaled Captain Wise of the Yale, saying, "Have you got them in there?" to which the reply was, "I think we have."

Relating the particulars of the return to Santiago after starting for Key West, the witness said that coal had been taken on in the night of the 27th. When Captain Philip had been asked if the Texas could coal, he had replied, "We can try." The trial had been made, and the effort had proved successful, the witness said.

Captain Harber volunteered the statement that on May 27, before the new supply of coal was taken on the Texas, there were about 400 tons of the fuel on the vessel. He told of seeing the Colon inside the harbor at Santiago on the morning of May 29 and said it had remained there until June 1. The American fleet, he said, lay seven or eight miles from the mouth of the harbor at night and farther than that in the daytime.

At this distance there was no difficulty in seeing the shore during the day time and on clear nights, but when the weather was bad it was difficult to see the shore in daytime and sometimes under those circumstances impossible to see it at night.

Asked concerning his knowledge of the Brooklyn's loop during the battle off Santiago, the witness said he did not see the loop made.

Captain Harber was then asked concerning the position of the Brooklyn relative to the Texas and to the other ships when he first saw her after the turn.

"The Brooklyn," he replied, "was on the port bow of the Texas, standing at an angle, I should say, approximately one-half point to the southward of the heading of the Texas. At that time the Oregon was just forging past us on the starboard side inshore. The Iowa was still farther inshore and pointing up, so that her bow overlapped our bow. At one time I know that we fired across the stern of the Iowa."

Did not recall signals.

"Where were the Spanish vessels with reference to the heading of the Texas?"

"The head of the line was then on our starboard bow, I should say approximately four points on the bow."

Asked if the Brooklyn had not, as the flagship, on May 23, signaled the Texas to go alongside the coiler Merimae and coal, he said he did not recall anything of the kind.

Mr. Rayner read the signal message as follows:

"Go alongside the coiler and coal as rapidly as possible."

But no amount of pressing could bring the witness to say that he remembered the incident. He had, he said, had very little to do with the sig-

naling. The same replies practically were made in response to questions regarding other signals. Mr. Rayner quoted several of these. One transmitted from the Texas to the Brooklyn read, "On an afterthought the captain thinks it unsafe to put a coiler between battleships."

Another from the Texas read: "I do not think it safe to coiler. The two ships will surely crush her." Captain Harber replied that he remembered there was some talk of the coiler, but he could not recall what it was.

Speaking of the signals observed off Cienfuegos, he said his supposition, as was that of other officers, was that they were between the Spanish forces.

Captain Harber also was questioned closely concerning the rate of speed of the fleet on the sail from Cienfuegos to Santiago on May 25.

He said the weather was fresh and the sea moderate; that it was hard for small vessels, but it was "nothing much." He thought the Texas could have made from ten to twelve knots from the keys of the Massachusetts, the Iowa, the Brooklyn and other vessels concerning the weather at that time. Mr. Rayner read a report from Captain Higginson saying that the weather had been "rough and squally" on the 25th. Captain Harber stated that the report of Captain Higginson was not borne out by the logbook of his ship. "It does not correspond with the log," he said and he added that, having given his best recollection concerning the weather, he thought Mr. Rayner had an ulterior motive in his questions. Mr. Rayner declared that he had no such end in view.

"Then," said the witness, "I have given you my best recollection concerning the weather."

"That is what I want," responded the attorney.

"That is what I have given you," repeated the witness.

Captain Leidy objected to the examination of Captain Harber on the ground of a ship which he had not been in preparing. The court refused to consider the point.

Objection Sustained.

After an absence of ten minutes the court returned, announcing its decision sustaining the objection that the witness could not be examined upon the log of the Massachusetts.

Continuing his testimony, Captain Harber insisted that the weather on May 27th was not "rough."

Captain Harber maintained that it was his recollection that the fleet was farther out at night than in the day time. When his attention was called to a contrary statement by Admiral Higginson, the witness said that it was not material to him what any other man had said, that he had given his estimate and was not concerned about the statements of others.

"Then you object to having your memory refreshed?" said Mr. Rayner.

"I said nothing of the kind," replied the witness. "I am here to give my testimony, and I object to being spoken to in the way you speak to me."

He also objected to Mr. Rayner's picking his finger at him, saying he considered it a menace.

Mr. Rayner insisted that he meant to be entirely respectful and not to menage the witness.

Counsel questioned the witness concerning his estimate that at night the vessels of the fleet steamed eight miles to the eastward and seven miles to the westward of the mouth of the harbor. The point was sought to be made that to make this statement of sixteen miles would require greater speed than three knots an hour, which the witness had testified was made, but Captain Harber maintained his position, saying he had given his best impression. Some of the log entries he considered worthless as evidence.

Conflict of Opinion.

"Admiral Higginson, who preceded you on the stand," said Mr. Rayner, "testified that the blockade of Admiral Schley could not be broken at night. Can you, now, do you still maintain that you did not cruise nearer at night than during the day?"

"Certainly, I gave you my estimate."

"I just want to refresh your memory."

"I don't refresh my memory at all."

"It is not possible for you to be wrong?"

"I did not say anything about that. Certainly it is possible for me to be wrong. I want to state that I am here to answer questions pertaining to the testimony and not to have words made in that way as though I had made the assertions."

Mr. Rayner announced his cross examination closed, and the witness was re-examined by Mr. Hanna, assistant judge advocate.

Mr. Hanna asked whether it is practicable in times of urgency to make log entries of signals. The witness replied that it was not practicable for the person who usually made such entries to put them down at that time. It was necessary to write them out later, he said, trusting to memory. He also stated that it was impossible for him to have had knowledge of signals from the Texas, as Captain Phillips usually managed the ship personally.

Coaling Ships at Sea.

"Is it," asked Mr. Hanna, "a more critical matter to coal ship in the open with a battleship on either side than with a ship on only one side?"

"Decidedly," was the response.

Captain Parker here asked, "You did some coaling on the 27th and 28th of May?"

"On the night of the 27th and morning of the 28th."

"Did not, in the course of that coaling, the coiler spring a leak because of a collision with the Texas?"

"You could not call it springing a leak. The plates were indented, and in the Texas a very little water came seeping through."

"So the sea at that time was bad?"

enough to cause these vessels to collide?"

"The inference, sir, is quite wrong. That was due to the float we put in between the vessels and did not notice that it was just about the armor belt. The float consisted of square timbers."

"That would have been worse in a worse sea, and it was bad enough in that sea?"

"Experience told it was not necessary to use that sort of thing."

"You did not have as much experience then in coaling as you have had since, did you?"

"With that sort of sea, yes, sir."

By the Court—What was the state of the sea when the Texas coaled on May 27 as compared with the state on the 28th?

"The weather was smoother, somewhat, I believe; more favorable."

This concluded Captain Harber's testimony, and he was excused.

Higginson Amends Statement.

Admiral Higginson then was recalled and questioned especially concerning his previous statement that the fleet was only two or three miles out from Santiago harbor. He modified his statement by saying that during the first portion of the blockade the fleet stood out farther, probably five miles by day and four miles by night. He confessed, however, that after three years his memory was indistinct.

In reply to a question by Captain Parker the witness said that with 800 tons of coal aboard the Massachusetts could have steamed 2,500 miles or could have remained on blockade duty for about twelve days.

By Captain Parker—Then after twelve days out you would not have been able to get anywhere?

"No, we would not."

"Did the fleet after the 29th of May ever go off a distance of twenty-five miles?"

"I don't remember that it ever did."

"Then the story to that effect, by whomsoever told, could not be true?"

"I don't remember such an excursion, and if made the logbook should show the fact."

"Have you any memory that the fleet ever withdrew after that date a distance of more than six miles?"

"I have not."

By the Court—From the distance at which the blockade was maintained at night could you have seen any vessel attempting to leave Santiago under ordinary conditions of weather?

Admiral Higginson—I think it would have been difficult on account of the high land and the shadows under the land.

Admiral Higginson was then excused, and the court took recess for luncheon.

Commander Schroeder Testifies.

The first witness called after the recess was Commander Senton Schroeder, now governor of the island of Guam, who during the Spanish war was executive officer of the battleship Massachusetts. His appearance created a slight stir of interest.

Commander Schroeder was questioned as to details of the entire campaign. He knew, he said, of no efforts to communicate with the shore while the flying squadron lay off Cienfuegos. He could give no details concerning the voyage from Cienfuegos to Santiago, having been on the sick list. On the first arrival off Santiago the fleet had, the witness said, been twenty miles to the south of the port. He did not know of his own knowledge why a westward movement had been undertaken after arriving at Santiago, nor did he know how far the fleet had traveled in that direction. He stated that upon the return to Santiago on May 28 he had sighted the Spanish ship Colon and that it lay 1,200 or 1,300 feet inside the harbor, the American fleet being six or seven miles out.

The witness stated in response to questions by Judge Advocate Leidy that the squadron remained out about six or seven miles, maintaining this distance during the day and keeping under way, countermarching eastward and westward at night. At one point they were nearer shore than at another, the ships describing an elongated ellipse in their maneuvers. The average distance out, however, was about the same at night as during the day.

Killed by Explosion.

Webster, Mass., Sept. 21.—While attending to his duties as superintendent of the Worcester and Southbridge Electric railway, which is being built, John J. Bowen was killed by the premature explosion of a blast at Charlton. Mr. Bowen was fifty-two years of age. His home was in Southbridge, where he leaves a widow. He was slated for the Democratic nomination for representative this fall.

Airbrakes Failed to Work.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 21.—By the collision of two sections of a train on the Northern Pacific line at Lake a number of persons were injured, one seriously. The cause assigned for the accident is the failure of airbrakes to work. An old man named Crankle of Grant's Pass, Or., was the most seriously injured. He was brought to Yakima and given medical assistance as soon as possible.

Czar Reviews French Troops.

Betheny, France, Sept. 21.—The czar, emperor and President Loubet have just concluded a review of 140,000 troops on the plain of Reims. The march passed from 10:45 a. m. till 1:10 p. m., terminating in a magnificent charge of 20,000 cavalry. The spectacle was intensely imposing as the infantry went by 150 files deep, with fixed bayonets.

Tried to Kill Archduke.

London, Sept. 21.—A special dispatch received here today from Vienna says that Archduke Frederick, a cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph, was shot at by a poacher at his country seat in Hungary. The bullet traversed the sleeve of the archduke, but did not injure him.

Coolidge's Counsel Accepts.

Buffalo, Sept. 21.—Re-Judges Lewis and Thins, who were assigned to defend Coolidge, have announced that they will accept the assignment and that they will be ready to proceed with the case on Monday morning.

BOERS STILL ACTIVE.

Four Notable Successes to the Credit
of the Farmers.

EXASPERATION IN ENGLAND

Loss of Five Guns, Sixty-eight Killed, Sixty-three Wounded and Three Hundred Prisoners Has Caused Consternation.

London, Sept. 21.—While Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds are drawing up petitions to President Roosevelt and the czar, asking them to intervene, the fighting Boers are helping themselves in South Africa by celebrating the expiration of the period in which Lord Kitchener proclaimed they must surrender by four notable successes—killing 68 officers and men, wounding 63 and capturing 5 guns and 300 men.

The situation is singularly like the opening of the war two years ago, the names of the same places recurring in the dispatches. Utrecht, where Major Gough was entrapped, was the scene of a similar ambush eighteen months back. Acton Homes, where the Boers yesterday reappeared, is eighteen miles southwest of Ladysmith, prominent in the early hostilities, and the Natal colonials are mustering for the defense of the Tugela, as when General Joubert invaded Natal in 1899.

Fighting in Cape Colony.

In Cape Colony fighting is again going on south of Stormberg in territory traversed by raiders and their pursuers half a dozen times.

The government's publication of these reverses causes an outburst of exasperation against the conduct of the war not in South Africa, but by the ministry. The great ministerial journals accuse the government of trying to run the war "on the cheap" by not providing Lord Kitchener with sufficient resources. The Times, while it has no misgivings as to the final issue, accuses the home authorities of lack of organization, sustained effort, of a disposition to postpone military for financial considerations and of failure to grasp the moral and intellectual damage which the prolongation of the struggle inflicts on the empire.

Other ministerial supporters aver that precious months which should have been spent in preparing for another campaign were wasted in electioneering and that Lord Kitchener has not been supplied with the requisites for war. So soon as Lord Kitchener squeezes one part of the sponge the mobile Boers trickle away at the other parts. The vast warfield is continually recruited from the rebel Dutch and supplied out of British convoys or by rebel sympathizers. In the meanwhile only the disasters disturb the government's normal lassitude, occasioning spasmodic efforts when it ought long ago to have realized that far larger and better equipped and trained forces were essential to terminate the war. It is pointed out that it is convenient for the Boers to have in their hands numbers of British at a time when a harsher policy is advocated.

The foreign office is disposed to settle the claims of Americans for deportation from the Transvaal without troubling the United States embassy to collect more testimony or bring over witnesses for examination by the claims commission, as agreed upon in August. The demands of the Americans will be voluntarily scaled down by the United States embassy from the huge sums at first asked, while the foreign office intimates that it will readily concede reasonable payments for losses of property and for personal inconvenience.

Franco-Russian Intervention.

Betheny, France, Sept. 21.—In his speech at the luncheon which followed the review of the French troops here President Loubet created somewhat of a sensation, saying, "The Franco-Russian alliance is pledged to settlements inspired by justice and humanity." Whether rightly or otherwise some of his hearers took the remark to refer to affairs in South Africa.

Boer Arbitration Appeal.

The Hague, Holland, Sept. 21.—Baron Van Lynden, the minister of foreign affairs, has forwarded to the legations and members of the council of the court of arbitration a copy of the Boer appeal for arbitration with a notification that he intends to bring up the appeal for consideration at the first meeting of the council. The date of the meeting is not fixed.

Presidential Appointments.

Washington, Sept. 21.—The following appointments have been made by the president: State—To be consuls of the United States: George O. Cornelius of Pennsylvania at St. John's, N. F.; Alonso B. Garrett of West Virginia at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico; Jesse H. Johnson of Texas at Santos, Brazil; Treasury—William B. Ridgely of Illinois to be controller of the currency; Navy—Edward T. Hoopes to be assistant paymaster in the navy, with the rank of ensign.

Train Wrecked and Burned.

Bucharest, Roumania, Sept. 21.—The express for Vienna collided at Palota with a petroleum train, killing eight persons and injuring nine. The petroleum train, which dashed into the rear of the express, was descending an incline at the time. Eighteen petroleum cars were set on fire, and the express train was completely destroyed.

Coolidge's Counsel Accepts.

Buffalo, Sept. 21.—Re-Judges Lewis and Thins, who were assigned to defend Coolidge, have announced that they will accept the assignment and that they will be ready to proceed with the case on Monday morning.

WHITE HOUSE VISITORS.

Roosevelt Receives a Number of Senators and Representatives.

Washington, Sept. 21.—The doors of the White House were closed to the public today, but admission, of course, was accorded to those who desired to see the president personally, and within an hour a score of men prominent in public life had called to pay their respects and to extend their good wishes for a successful administration. Among them were Senators Scott and Elkins of West Virginia, Senator Pritchard of North Carolina, Millard of Nebraska and Burton of Kansas and Representatives Heatwole, McCleary and Stephens of Minnesota, Gibson of Tennessee, Livingston of Georgia and Dayton of West Virginia. All were delighted with the reception accorded them.

Senators Elkins and Scott congratulated the president upon the declaration he had made when he took the oath of office. "That simple declaration," said Senator Scott, "immediately restored confidence in the business world."

To the Minnesota representatives the president recalled the fact that it was in their state that he had made his last public utterance as vice president and in that "confession of faith," as he characterized it, he committed himself to the policy of McKinley, to which he pledged his adherence upon assuming the responsibilities of his office at Buffalo.

Representative Livingston of Georgia was especially pleased with his reception. The Georgia representative had congratulated the president, had expressed the hope that his administration would be a success and had informed him that as a southern man and a Georgian he would contribute everything in his power to that end. The president replied that it would be his aim to be the president of the whole people without regard to geographical lines or class distinctions; that it was the welfare of all which he should seek to promote.

TO GUARD THE DUKE.

Elaborate Preparations to Protect the Royal Party.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 21.—Preparations are now perfected for the safe conduct of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York across the continent to this city.

The entire line of railway from Quebec to Vancouver will be guarded and patrolled during the royal progress. Thousands of men have been specially engaged for this purpose by the Canadian Pacific company. Each guard will be in sight of his neighbor on each side. The royal train will be preceded all along the route by one or more pilot engines, which will keep a short distance ahead.

A special army of private detectives is on the watch all over Canada for suspicious characters, with orders to arrest any such and put them in jail until the royal party shall have left Canada. The thousands of switches along the line of transcontinental railroad will be specially guarded and locked.

All traffic will give way before the royal train, not a wheel being allowed to turn within a distance of 200 miles of the duke's train.

STILL IMPROVING.

Mrs. McKinley Better Than at Any Time Since Tragedy.

Canton, O., Sept. 21.—Mrs. McKinley was one of the first at the house on Market street to arise today. She said she had enjoyed a good sleep and that she felt better than at any time since the fatal night in Buffalo when her husband was shot. To Dr. Rixey she expressed a wish to take another drive.

"Mrs. McKinley is improving rapidly," said the doctor. "This matter of driving out is a solution of the problem, I think. She needs little or no medicine, but exercise, and good healthy mental occupation will work a great change. I feel a high degree of confidence in her ultimate recovery and am almost certain that the dreaded collapse will not come."

Hanna Refuses to Be Interviewed.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 21.—The Plain Dealer says: Asked to make a brief statement as to how he regarded the policy of President Roosevelt so far as it had been expressed and what sort of an administration he believed the new president would give to the nation Senator Hanna said, "I am done with being interviewed for all time." "Have you decided not to again publicly express your opinion?" was asked. "No more," was the brief answer. The senator is broken by the tragedy at Buffalo, and his face shows how deep grief has left its mark.

Former Congressman Dead.

Ballston, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Former Congressman George West died at his home here of apoplexy, aged seventy-eight years. He was a Republican in politics and served one term in the state assembly and two terms in congress. He had amassed a large fortune in the manufacture of paper and was also interested in newspapers. At one time he owned the New York Press, the Schenectady Union and The Saratoga of Saratoga. His wife died eight months ago. A son and daughter survive him.

General Otis' Report.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Major General Elwell S. Otis has forwarded to Secretary of War Root his annual report as commander of the department of the lakes. His chief recommendations concern the administration of military laws and the care of prisoners. General Otis suggests increased prison room for military offenders. The report comments on the fact that during the year there were no disorders in the department requiring the attention of federal troops.

TO SUPPRESS ANARCHY

Congress to Consider the Subject at Its Next Session.

SENATOR ALLISON'S VIEWS.

He Is Confident That Prompt Action Will Be Taken—Meetings of Anarchists May Be Suppressed. Penalty For Assault.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Senator Allison of Iowa says that congress will probably make a thorough investigation of anarchy in the United States next winter and will do its utmost to pass suitable laws for the prevention of any such crime in the future as that committed against President McKinley.

"I have no doubt there will be many joint sessions of the judiciary committees of the two houses during the session," he added. "The best legal talent of the land will be called upon to assist the attorney general in pointing out constitutional methods for reaching the seat of the trouble. The need is evident. The pressure for legislation will be very great, possibly pushing congress to go to an unwarranted extreme. Some action will undoubtedly be taken that is in consonance with the constitution and will not infringe on proper freedom of speech."

"A statute prohibiting gathering of anarchists is not improbable. Just under what circumstances the prohibition will be made effective and how it will be enforced must be determined by investigation."

Punishment of President Shooters.

In addition to that, Senator Allison said that some measure placing a severe penalty upon any assault on the chief executive of the land was being discussed by the leaders of the Republican party.

The Marquette club, which adopted resolutions for the extirpation of anarchism at its memorial services at the Auditorium Thursday night, does not intend to let the matter drop there. The members of the club will appoint a committee to formulate ways and means for the carrying out of the campaign against anarchy. The plan is to have the matter brought before congress when it assembles.

W. L. Bush, president of the club, said the move is not to be a political one. It is desired that every liberty loving citizen of the republic should help to urge the national and state legislatures to pass at the earliest possible moment laws against anarchy as stringent as the constitution will permit. The plans suggested range from deportation of anarchists to prevention of meetings of all persons who speak against republican form of government.

YELLOW JACK APPEARS.

Three Cases on a Ship Arriving at Santiago.

Santiago, Cuba, Sept. 21.—The British steamer Ethelbrytha, Captain Tar goose, from Jacksonville Sept. 14, for this port, has arrived here with three cases of yellow fever on board. She left Progresso six weeks ago and arrived at New York with a yellow fever case on board. The man died in the harbor, and the ship was disinfected.

The captain's wife died while the steamer was on her way from New York to Jacksonville, where she loaded lumber for this port. One man died yesterday, and the autopsy showed plainly that he had been suffering from yellow fever. The crew of the Ethelbrytha was removed to the yellow fever hospital, which is situated on an island two miles from the city. The steamer was fumigated and is held in quarantine in the lower bay. No cargo is allowed to be landed from the vessel. The marine hospital authorities say there is absolutely no danger to this city, where there has been no yellow fever for two years past.

The Weather.

Fair; rising temperature; light north winds, becoming variable.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.

New York, Sept. 21.—Prime mercantile paper, 97 days, Sterling exchange, 45 days, actual business in bank, 45 days, 4 1/2% for demand and 4 1/4% for 60 days. Postpaid rates, 4 1/4% and 4 1/8%. Commercial bills, 4 1/4% to 4 1/8%. Mexican dollars, 45% to 46%. Government bonds, 4 1/4% to 4 1/8%. State bonds, 4 1/4% to 4 1/8%. Rail road bonds, 4 1/4% to 4 1/8%.

Closing prices:

Atchafalpa, 97 1/2; Ontario & Western, 35 1/2; C. & C. & St. L., 97 1/2; Pacific Mail, 41 1/2; Chesapeake & Ohio, 45 1/2; Rock Island, 43 1/2; Erie, 43 1/2; St. Paul, 103 1/2; Louisville & Nash., 105 1/2; Sugar Refinery, 133 1/2; Manhattan Cons., 122 1/2; Texas Pacific, 43 1/2; Missouri Pacific, 40 1/2; Union Pacific, 100 1/2; Northern Pacific, 97 1/2; Wash. preferred, 4 1/4; New York Central, 157 1/2; Western Union, 92 1/2.

General Markets.

New York, Sept. 21.—FLOUR—State and western had a jobbing trade in winter straight, \$3.20 to \$3.45; winter extras, \$2.50 to \$2.80; winter patents, \$3.50 to \$3.80. WHEAT—Opened steady on cable and with corn, after which it yielded a little to realizing. October, 75¢; December, 76¢ to 77¢; 1900, 78¢; 1901, 79¢; 1902, 80¢; 1903, 81¢; 1904, 82¢; 1905, 83¢; 1906, 84¢; 1907, 85¢; 1908, 86¢; 1909, 87¢; 1910,

SOME LIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE TRUTHFUL CAMERA.

Simple Mechanism or Juggling With Perspective Brings Odd Results. The Man in the Bottle—Making a Fat Woman Thin.

The notion that the camera cannot lie has become one of the few fixed tenets of popular belief; but, while this opinion is true in the strictest interpretation of the phrase, yet the man behind the lens or he who has charge of the developing process can so manipulate the unsuspecting instrument or the equally innocent negative that a camera endowed with the sense of perception it would never recognize its own handiwork.

Of late years trick photography and fake photographs have become distinct features of the photographer's art, and effects are easily produced which belie the subjects at which the camera is aimed. But the question naturally arises, How can this be done when the camera has to record the impression of things as they are? It is by juggling with the perspective or by simple mechanism only that these apparent phenomena in the photographic line are produced.

In the subject at hand it is necessary to understand that there is a difference between trick photography and so-called "fake" photography. The term "fake" photography is applied to the transposition of subjects from the original background to a new one in which the person or group taken may never have been. It is "trick" photography which is the more interesting, as it calls for a certain amount of cleverness and ingenuity on the part of the operator.

One of the best examples of this sort of picture taking is the photographing of a person in a bottle. Now of course no studio is possessed of a glass bottle large enough to hold a human being, and the dullest beholder must suspect a trick. The explanation, however, of the manner in which it is done is surprisingly simple.

In this instance a single plate is used. The subject to be taken in the bottle is placed in front of a black background and taken with a carefully timed exposure of just enough duration to bring out the object distinctly. Then the empty bottle is placed against a dark background, and, after carefully adjusting the focus so that the object first taken may be well within the lines of the neck, bottom and sides of the bottle, a picture of this bottle is taken on a same plate at just twice the exposure of the first object photographed. When the plate is developed, the bottle naturally comes up first, with the first impression neatly inside, as it appears.

Some few years ago photographers were puzzled and members of the theatrical profession amused by the publication of a series of photographs of popular actresses who are noted for their simple proportions as much as for their ability to entertain large audiences. But in the pictures they were shown with sylphlike forms, although the productions were unmistakably photographs. At first it was claimed that the deception was caused by the employment of mirrors, but in reality it was merely taking advantage of one of the elementary laws of perspective.

A certain corpulent actress was posing for her picture in the studio of a theatrical publication. The photographer had placed her at a dressing table. But in order to create the illusion of a dressing room he found he would have to use a side piece. This he did and in choosing one took a screen on which was the lithograph of a rosy-cheeked, burlesque queen. Greatly to his surprise when the plate was developed the picture of the actress came out all right, but the woman on the poster was shown as having a tall and extremely thin figure. It then occurred to the experimenter that the camera had caught the refracted rays from the screen at a tangent, and the surface, being flat, consequently showed the horizontal lines considerably narrowed.

He then conceived the idea of reproducing in a similar manner the photographs of celebrities of ample girth, which made a decided hit.

Another mystifying spectacle is that of a person or group shown twice on one plate. This is done by covering half the plate for the first exposure and then utilizing the unused half for a second exposure, when the first is kept carefully screened from the light. By the employment of mirrors, many queer effects may be introduced, but that savors a little stronger of charlatanism.

The fake photograph is mainly the product of the exigencies of the modern illustrated daily and the general "censuredness" of celebrities when they ought to be together instead of staying far enough apart to be out of common focus. The fake photograph ought only to be used as a last resort, but they are so easily made that they are resorted to on the slightest provocation.

These photographs come into play mainly when group pictures are wanted, and the shears and pastepot go far to their making. For instance, suppose an ocean liner is to sail on which are booked a few senators, a duke, a party of jockeys and a popular actress. To get the picture of the pier and ship is an easy matter, but to be fortunate enough to obtain at the same time those of the well-known passengers is a different matter.

This difficulty is got around by the photographer first getting the picture of the surrounding as a background and then taking on separate plates those of such of the voyagers required of whom they happen not to have a photo in stock. After these are developed the pictures of the individuals are cut out, after first being reduced to the necessary size, pasted on the desired background, and the whole is reproduced, generally in half tone. In this way are taken the pictures of the high divers who are cleverly transposed to the top of photographs of high peaks or spring boards. As may be inferred by this "unprofessional" method, a subject may be placed in any background.

Then there are the freak photographs, a combination of fortuitous circumstances for which the amateur is generally responsible. But that is another story.—New York Mail and Express.

Echoes of Bankruptcy.
The Bankrupt (sighing)—I still have my flowers. Fresh and sparkling in the morning sun, they'll still console me.
Sympathetic Friend—That's strange. They ought to remind you of your trouble.
The Bankrupt—Why?
Sympathetic Friend—Because, like your bills, they are all over dew.—New York Times.

SHE MADE IT INTERESTING.

The Result of a Criticism of Little May's Letter Writings.

One day the aunt for whom the fourteen-year-old was named and to whom most of her letters were written surprised the fourteen-year-old's mother by the following:
"Dear Edith," wrote the aunt, "I am much distressed over May's inability to write an interesting letter. Why is it? The letters have been corresponding with me regularly for some years now, and there is really no excuse for a girl of fourteen not writing a better letter. If this is the best she can do now, there's no hope for her later on, I'm afraid. Her letters are most uninteresting, and I'm both surprised and ashamed for her. Now, don't you tell her all this, of course. That would never do. But just see if you cannot contrive to let her know how she fails to make her letters interesting and then set about at once improving them. Never by look or word let her suspect that I criticized them. By the way, Edith, dear, did you decide to get the blue foulard or the gray crepe de chine?" etc.

Now, no sooner did "Edith, dear," read this than she, of course, went straight to the fourteen-year-old and gave it to her. "Right off the bat," as Charlie, the nine-year-old son and brother, would probably have put it. The aunt's letter, caution to keep silence and all, was duly read "at" the niece until she must have been a very much more stupid girl than she was not to realize the lack of interest in her own letters to bring all this about.

A few weeks later the mother received a second letter from Aunt May, and at its first words her hair rose. "In heaven's name," began the letter, "what does this mean about Charlie's marriage? May writes me that he is about to marry that dreadful blond that used to live on the back of your face and who afterward went on the stage and to whom I'm sure you wouldn't allow any of the children to speak to, much less have anything to do with. Oh, my dear Edith, don't write and tell me that it's so—and yet I do want to know all about it, and May's letter simply states the facts and—"

The distraught mother rushed to the fourteen-year-old. "What possessed you to write this stuff in a dreadful, disgraceful letter to your Aunt May?" she gasped. "You know there's not a word of truth in it. Answer me—how dared you?" The fourteen-year-old calmly took the letter, read it, returned it. "Do you think, Aunt May will ever say again that I can't write interesting letters?" she said, with a smile.—New York Sun.

FLORENCE AS A JOKER.

Two Pranks the Comedian Played on the Duke of Beaufort.

Through the elder Sotheby Billy Florence, the comedian, came to know the Duke of Beaufort, and they were excellent friends. Beaufort came to this country and was at the Gaiety House in New York a good while. Florence, uninvited, stayed by several jokes, which were the talk of the town at the time. He told a story that he was not looking well. "You need violent exercise," said he. "Strip to my underclothing and, taking a heavy chair in by hands, would run about my rooms, raising and lowering the chair a hundred times without stopping. It had a grand effect."

Florence lunched upon this for several days and got the duke into a mind for trying it. One afternoon when several eminent persons were going to call on the duke, Florence persuaded him to try the great remedy. The duke undressed, and, seizing a great chair, he elevated it above his head and began racing around the room. He was in a fine sweat, with his eyes bulging, his face red and his veins standing out. Florence went to the office, and when the eminent and dignified persons arrived he said to one of them he knew:

"Going up to see his grace?"
"Yes," said the man.
"Well," said Florence, "I've been up to see him, and I'm afraid he's touched in his head. He is leaping about his room, making strange noises and breaking the furniture. Come up and see him. I think he ought to be restrained. His family ought to be told."

The eminent and dignified personages accompanied Florence and, peeping through a crack in the door, saw an apparent maniac dashing round and round, with staring eyes and flushed face. Then Florence shut the door and took them away to tell what they had seen, beginning, "It's very sad about his grace," untruthfully. "An impression was general that the Duke of Beaufort had gone mad. A few days later Florence hid the duke's clothing and poked his head in at the door and said, 'Hurry out: the hotel is afire!'" The duke presently appeared in the hotel office in a nightgown, slippers and a tall hat, thus confirming the unfavorable impression of his intellects.

He Knew No Fear.

Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day, during the congress of 1815, when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned, and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen the accident.

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.
"Not at all," answered Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."
"It is as I thought," replied the king. "You are a supernatural being."

Man and His Palate.

I suppose that every man's dream of married life is more or less mixed up with the idea of food—food that he can eat and can invite his friends to eat. The possibilities of the chafing dish are innumerable. Try your best not to fall into a hopeless rut. Do dainty cooking. Then some time it may be that the fragrance of a perfect Welsh rabbit will bring to your mind the first budding of love as long as life and as deep as the grave. Men are queer creatures, aren't they?—Cynthia Westover Alden in Success.

Her Usual Remark.

"What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.
"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—Washington Star.

A Used Up One.

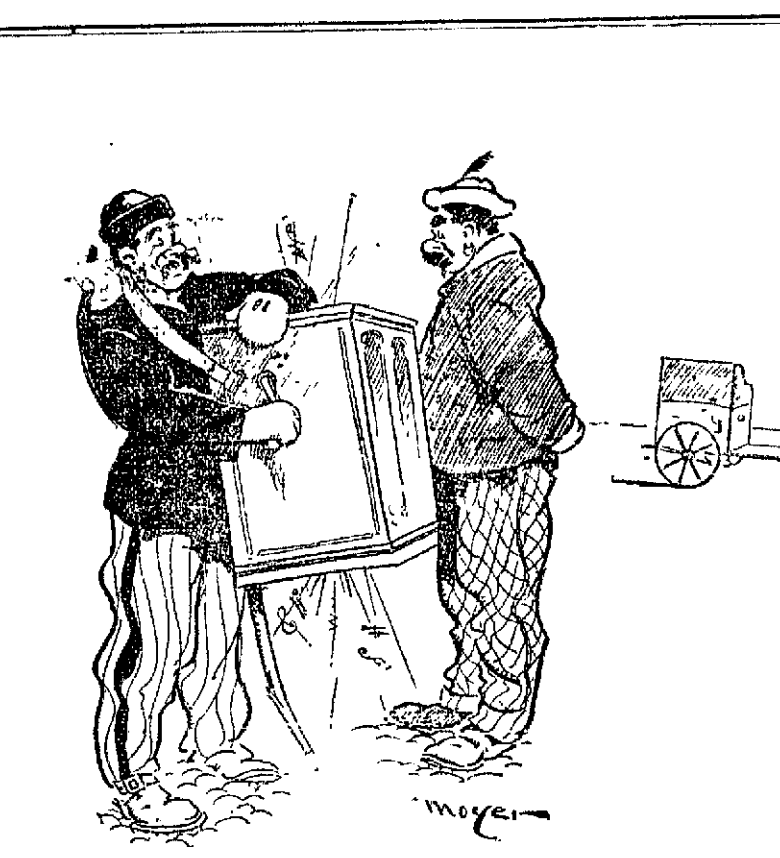
Nubbs—He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a postage stamp.
Nubbs—How was that?
Nubbs—Licked.—Detroit Free Press.



SURE CURE.
Mrs. Jones—Doctor, my husband snores so loudly that I can't sleep. What had I better get for him?
Doctor Phil Graves—An ax.



A HOT COME-BACK.
Mr. Cutting Hintz (shaving)—You ought to be glad that you haven't a beard to bother you.
Mrs. Cutting Hintz—If I was a "Bearded Lady" I would make a better living for this family than you're making."



Piano Player—How's business?
Organ Grinder—Same old grind.



WANTED TO KNOW.
Soker—I never take a drink during business hours.
Toper—How long have you been out of work?

A Legend of the Snake Country.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a certain great old forest. You can't begin to guess how old the forest was and how for century after century in the very heart of it dwelt the snakes as its lords and masters.

In another part of the forest, miles and miles away from its heart, was a little cabin, where lived a hunter with his young wife and their little boy. He was a very little boy then, and his mother loved him very dearly. She sung to him through the day and crooned a cradle song to him at even, and the little boy was happy indeed in such love.

But winter came and sickness, and the mother flew away on the wings of the snow. And then the little boy was lonely, for his father loved only his gun and the game he would shoot and spent days and days in the forest, leaving the child alone, with no one to talk to, no one to sing to him, no one to caress him when he hurt his little hands in play.

So it happened that gradually he ceased to play. His heart ached for companionship, but there was no other child for miles to play with. Then he went into the forest and talked to the flowers and the grasses, and they understood, but could not help him. Then he talked to the trees, but they were too busy with the clouds to notice him. So then he sought a creek that ran near by, and day after day would he come and sit on a rock and talk to it, and the creek seemed to answer him, but he grew more and more lonely.

One day he sat weeping in his accustomed place when who should come up but the snake doctor, hurrying to the snake country to cure a patient. He had wings with which to fly very swiftly, just as a doctor has his car to take him in a hurry to you or me. And in his flight the snake doctor saw the weeping child and paused. "Ho, ho!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

But the boy only cried the more. "Ah, I see. You are lonely, with your father off in the woods. Well, what you want is company. Now, in my country we have plenty of it. It's the best tonic in the world for young people."

So the doctor talked on, flustering his wings all the time as if he were going to fly away the next moment. The boy was so glad to have any one to talk to that he dreamed to have the doctor leave him, and he cried out to him: "Will you take me there with you?" Now, this surprised the snake doctor, and he answered:

"I hadn't thought of that, but I'll do what I can. I'll bring some young snakes to play with you."

And before the boy could thank him off flew the snake doctor and disappeared from view.

All day the boy waited, and at sundown two snakes came and talked to him. They were very gay and told him tales that made him laugh and cry in turn. And then, when he was tired, they told him they would come at sundown next day.

So they did and the next and the next, and so on day after day. They brought the boy handfuls of rattles and beautiful striped skins that had been shed, and he played with them, and sometimes they would talk of their own country and its wonders. They told how their king had eyes as big as wheels and a tongue forked like a snake, and so many things did they tell him that at last the boy begged them to take him to the snake country. At



THEN HE TALKED TO THE TREES.

first they refused, but one day they came, carrying a leaf wrapped in dry grasses, and told the boy that this would let him pass unharmed into their land.

Oh, but he was glad to go, for his father did not love him and never spoke to him, and here were his dear friends the snakes.

So they set out in silvery moonlight time and by the gray mist of morning reached the outskirts of the snake country. Here the boy beheld the sentinels, their bodies erect like rushes, their heads swaying slightly like leaves in a gentle wind. They would have slain him, but his snake friends called out:

"He is our brother; here is his pass." So they paused, and, unwrapping the

dry grass from about the leaf, they read their king's mandate. "Pass, little brother," they said and swayed their heads in greeting. They went on through miles and miles of snakes until the boy beheld the wonderful king and all the strange things in that strange land. Then his friends took him to a great cave where the rattlesnakes lived, and there he remained.

After a long time his father suddenly bethought him that the boy might be able to help him in the hunt, and only then did he miss him. In vain he searched and asked the wild creatures, but although they knew they feared his gun and would not tell.

Then he asked the trees, but they had been too busy talking to the clouds to notice a little child. The father began to believe that the boy had been drowned in the creek, but when he questioned the creek, although she knew what had become of her friend, she was silent for his sake.

The father at last thought of the flowers and the grass, but the flowers drooped their heads and would not speak. Not so the grass, however. It was eager with its gossip and stood on tiptoe while telling its tale of the snake friends and how they glided through it to the boy and finally of their departure together.

Then the father got a rope and watched, and the first snake he saw he las-



THEY SET OUT IN THE SILVER MOONLIGHT.

good and demanded that it take him to the snake country or it would come to his head. The snake started, but so slow was its motion that the man was impatient.

"Faster, faster!" he cried.

"I have no feet to go faster," the snake made answer.

Just then they passed a fire of sag ocs, and the cruel man lifted the rope and flung the snake on the fire. Then he cut away its feet, and it clambered out of the fire in a trice.

"Now I have found your feet!" the man said. "Faster, faster!"

And they almost flew, so swiftly they went.

Soon they came to the borderland where the sentinels reared themselves like rushes.

"Let me pass unharmed or off comes the head of your brother," said the man.

And when they saw the lassoed snake, they let him pass. So they went on until they came to the king, and of him the father demanded his son. The boy came, with his two friends twined about him, but he refused to go back.

"You do not love me! You were not good to me. You love only your hunting!"

"Oh, my son! Come back!" the father begged.

"No," said the boy; "your gun is more your son than I. Let it serve you." And he turned and went back to the care of the rattlesnakes.

Sadly the father departed, holding the lassoed snake until he reached the borders, when he let it go.

After that he went about laughing to himself, seeing strange things and hearing uncanny sounds. He never saw his son again. But one day the son saw him as he played with his friends, hidden in an old skin. He laughed in his sport, and the father heard it and started up.

"It is only an echo from the hills mocking me!" he said. "I hear what is not, and what I do not hear."

Then the boy went home with his snake friends, and from that day he put on the snakeskin forever.

"I will never leave you, my brothers," he said.

And if you met him today you could not tell him from a real snake. But he knows, and sometimes he leads his brothers away from men in his pity for them, and so he is the link of sympathy between snakes and man.—Edward Courtney in Philadelphia Times.

Holidays.
If Dorothy her wish would speak, She'd have her birthday every week. Just think! And when the year is through Her age would gain by fifty-two!
If Harriet could have her way, It would be always Christmas day. She wishes Santa Claus would come And make her chimney place his home.
July the Fourth is Johnny's choice. The time when all the boys rejoice; But if that day were always here We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.
And merry old St. Valentine Would be the choice of Angelina. But, ah, I know if that were so The postmen all on strike would go!
So don't you think perhaps it's best For holidays as well to rest And be on hand with joy and cheer Just once in all the great long year! —St. Nicholas.

WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

An Editorial by Greeley That Was Not Printed in The Tribune.

The following very remarkable story is told in "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" (Scraper's), by Edward Everett Hale. It is written of Sidney H. Gay, then managing editor of the New York Tribune.

"I have never seen in print Gay's story of that fearful night when Lincoln was killed. But one hears it freely repeated in conversation, and I see no reason why it should not be printed now."

With the news of the murder of Lincoln there came to New York every other terrible message. The office of The Tribune of course received echoes of all the dispatches which showed the alarm at Washington. There were orders for the arrest of this man, there were suspicions of the loyalty of that man. No one knew what the morrow might bring.

"In the midst of the anxiety of such hours to Mr. Gay, the acting editor of the paper, there entered the foreman of the printing room. He brought with him the proof of Mr. Greeley's leading article, as he had left it before leaving the city for the day. It was a brutal, bitter, sarcastic personal attack on President Lincoln, the man who when Gay read the article was dying in Washington."

"Gay read the article and asked the foreman if he had any private place where he could look up the type to which no one but himself had access. The foreman said he had. Gay bade him tie up the type, lock the galley with this article in his cupboard and tell no one what he had told him. Of course no such article appeared in The Tribune the next morning."

"But when Gay arrived the next day at the office he was met with the news that 'the old man' wanted him and the intimation that 'the old man' was very angry. Gay waited upon Greeley."

"Are you there, Mr. Gay? I have been looking for you. They tell me you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is it your paper or mine? I should like to know if I cannot print what I choose in my own paper?" This in a great rage.

"The paper is yours, Mr. Greeley. The article is in type up stairs, and you can use it when you choose. Only this, Mr. Greeley: I know New York, and I hope and believe before God that there is so much virtue in New York that if I had let the article go into this morning's paper there would not be one brick upon another in The Tribune office now. Certainly I should be sorry if there were."

"Mr. Greeley was corralled. He said not a word nor ever alluded to the subject again. It was by this sort of service that Mr. Gay earned Mr. Wilson's praise that 'he kept Mr. Greeley up to the war.'"

Hindoo Dancing.

Hindoo dancing bears no similarity to that of the European. Stage acting in the shape of comedies and tragedies is hardly to be found among the Hindoos. The chief characteristic of their dancing is their dress, which very often is horrible and grotesque to look at. Their dances consist in wrestling, jumping and moving the shoulders, hands, legs, as if agitated by violent convulsions, to the sound of musical instruments.

The Hindoo taste for music is so marked that there is not a single gathering, however small, which has not some musicians at its head. The instruments on which they play are, for the most part, clarinets and trumpets; they have also cymbals and several kinds of small drums. The sounds produced by these instruments are far from pleasing and may even appear hideous to European ears.

The matras, or conductors, is the most remarkable of all the musicians. In beating time he taps with his fingers on a narrow drum. He has his hands on his head, arms, thighs and, in fact, all the parts of his body perform successive movements, and simultaneously he utters inarticulate cries, thus animating the musicians both by voice and gesture.—Catholic World.

Welsh Rabbit.

The famous John Chamberlain of Washington had a recipe for Welsh rabbit which was a poem. It is as follows:

"Welsh Rabbit.—Four ounces of cheese, half an ounce of butter, a spoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonsful of cream, cayenne and black pepper to taste."

"Grate or chop the cheese then in a bowl with a spoon or in a mortar with a pestle, rub all to a uniform paste, adding or not, as you like, a tablespoonful of ale, porter, beer or champagne; make a slice of rather thick toast, which dip in instant in boiling water and place in the oven."

"Now transfer your prepared cheese mixture to a saucpan and stir over a gentle heat until melted, then heat up quickly and pour upon the toast and serve. This is a quantity for one person. Time required, from three to five minutes. This recipe won the respect of congress."—New York Herald.

Turning the Tassel.

"Turning the tassel" is an interesting part of the commencement exercises at the Woman's college, Baltimore. All undergraduates there wear the cap and gown, and the place of the tassel on each mortar board designates the class of its wearer.

Beginning at the right hand corner of the square top over which the tassel must hang in case of a freshman, each of the other three corners indicates respectively the other three classes. At the moment when the seniors face back from receiving their diplomas every other member of the student body present by one concerted movement turns her tassel, thereby raising her rank.

Great General of the Future.

"How is your boy in the army getting along, Wilber?" inquired the old friend of the family.

"By George, sir," enthusiastically answered the father, who had just received from Algy another urgent request for money, "that boy is a masterly campaigner already. He gets into all sorts of tight places, but he always manages to keep in communication with his base of supplies."—Chicago Tribune.

Pertinent and Impertinent.

"Doctor, your tonic made a new man of me."

"A new man? Well, how is he off financially?"—Chicago Herald.

"A little boy who was asked his name answered, 'Well, they call me Jimmy for short, but my maiden name is James.'"

Some people who call themselves saints would be locked up for making false notes.—Albany Times.

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MONDAY, SEPT. 23, 1901.

Czolgorz refuses to answer any question, which is another indication of his thorough schooling by his confederates.

No doubt a grand arch or monument to McKinley will arise, but his greater memorial will be in the hearts of his countrymen.

President Roosevelt was once prominently connected with the navy department, but was not among those who talked too much.

The innocent Chinese government will doubtless remark on resuming its functions in the Imperial City, "It looks as if there had been a glass here."

President McKinley's work was founded upon a rock. The prosperity that came in with his administration is laid on broad foundations, and will continue.

An English judge says that in criminal practice in the United States there is "a straining of the law to defeat its own purpose." There is not a wild shot by any means.

Overcoats now creep timidly out of pawn, and the morning air makes the pudent, suburban resident look to see if little Johnny has left the snow-shovel buried in the sand bank.

The Buffalo assassin will not have many posthumous or appeals in his case. It is safe to make this prediction. Yet he will undoubtedly have a funeral. All that can be urged in his defense by the keenest lawyer will undoubtedly be pre-empted. Legal rates will be provided to take care of his interests. But the case will not be drawn out to any provoking lengths. All this the most versatile lawyer can say in the defense of the assassin will not occupy much time. As a court spectacle Czolgorz's career will be short.

The solidarity and essential patriotism of the American people are shown as convincingly in their loyal support of the new president as in their loyal grief for the dead president. They are meeting Theodore Roosevelt with full confidence and with cordial support. They comprehend his burdens, realize his sincere wish to serve them and they recognize that he is the head of the entire country rather than merely the representative of a dominant party. They are consciously and eagerly co-operating with him. Nothing could be more encouraging than the tenor of the comment through press and public men which has come up in the last week from every party and from every quarter of the land. It argues for the support that will be broad and generous and for an opposition that will be patriotic rather than captious. Again, a just before the Spanish war, it has been demonstrated that the United States is tainted only by Americans.

A conservative, intelligent, progressive administration of the public affairs will be had. President Roosevelt is in harmony with the majority of his countrymen on the subject of expansion. He is with them on the Monroe policy. He favors the extension of the country's foreign trade in all reasonable ways. The trusts he would put under governmental control as far as this can be done without hampering their legitimate activities. The country may rely on having a sane and safe administration under President Roosevelt, as it had under President McKinley. Col. Roosevelt is a broad, thoroughly equipped and admirably balanced man. He knows the political issues on what may be called their literary side, and he is equally well acquainted with them in their practical aspect. There will be no rash experiments in the management of public affairs. He is a student of history and politics, and has all the student's earnestness and enthusiasm in learning all the as-

pects in which great issues can assert themselves, he is as inhospitable to fads and crinkles as any man of education, in the United States. He is courageous, public spirited and patriotic, a foe to all trickery and shams of any sort, and an all-around American whom the country will love. During the service of Col. Roosevelt the United States will have a clean, safe, progressive and thoroughly American administration.

BOGUS RELATIVES.

Unidentified Dead Bodies a Source of Profit to Swindlers.

"There's all sorts of ways of making a living, and I've seen many queer things in this line," said an attaché of the county hospital, "but the strangest of all is that of being a 'fake relative.' Don't know what that is, is it? Well, neither did I until I came here, but it's a great graft all the same, and it gets the money. 'We are continually receiving at the morgue here the bodies of unidentified men and women. Death is frequently the result of suicide or accident. In either case the newspapers print a pretty fair description of the remains, which is furnished by the morgue authorities in the hope that it will bring in some relative to identify the body and thus save the county expense.

"Then the 'fake relatives' get in their work. There is a lot of these harpies, but it is seldom that they interfere with one another. They seem to recognize the right of pre-emption, and the first one on the scene is usually left free to work the claim. The 'fake relative' has studied the newspaper description so well that he can give a reasonably good word picture of the appearance of the dead person. He asserts that the body is that of a cousin or something of that sort and leaves with the avowed intention of making arrangements for the funeral as soon as the inquest is over.

"A day or so later a genuine relative shows up, and the fake makes it his business to be near at hand. He comes to the genuine mourner that he is a distant cousin and announces his intention of defraying all the expenses of the funeral, which is welcome news to the real relative. But he is a little short today, having given all his spare currency to the undertaker as a guarantee payment, and if the mourner would like to chip in \$5 or \$10 for flowers or carriages, why, it would be acceptable. Glad to get out of the heavy tax incident to burial, the real relative generally nobbles, and the fake disappears for a day or two, until the coast is clear for another operation of the same kind.

"Why don't the hospital authorities break up the practice? Well, there's lots of reasons. One is that those who are recognized rarely make complaint."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Better be a clean hog than a filthy man.

"The Petrol."

"One of these days" is none of these days.—"A Handbook of Proverbs."

Woman first tempted man to eat. He took to drinking of his own accord.—"Four Hundred Laughs."

The true American is too honest to steal and too proud to beg, so he gets trusted.—"Four Hundred Laughs."

A truth fits every other truth in the world, but a lie fits nothing but some other lie made specially for it.—"A Summer Hymnal."

We are quite able, while hating sin, to pity and be charitable to the sinner—when we happen to be the sinner concerned.—"Frankisms."

When a woman ceases to care how she looks, or a gentleman loses restraint in the presence of his servants, the end is not far off.—"Arrows of the Almighty."

To rule your husband, my dear lady, do exactly as you please, but always pretend that you do as he pleases. That is where your ability comes in.—"Her Royal Highness Woman."

Be as funny, judge, ain't it, that there ain't only one sure winner, and that's the lawyer. If a man's got something, he better hire a lawyer to help him keep it.—"Stringing on the Pike."

Dentistry and Good Health.

"I believe that the fact that dentists are able to make artificial teeth so closely resembling natural ones and the rapid improvement in the capacity of the dentist to repair faulty teeth has had a very great effect upon increasing the average length of human life," said a prominent dentist. "There is scarcely any one today who does not have some work done on his teeth. In former times—times not so very ancient, either—people allowed their teeth to decay until an artificial set was needed. Oftentimes people were very greatly weakened by the strain of the removal of the old teeth, and their lives were made very much shorter by the imperfect false teeth that it was necessary to use.

"Nowadays all is changed. A good dentist can keep a person's teeth in excellent condition. He can stop the decaying process and prevent the injurious effect upon the stomach that follows having bad teeth in the mouth. Modern dentistry has greatly assisted modern sanitation in lengthening men's lives."—New York Times.

Too Much Money in Steeples.

A church economist of a practical and somewhat eccentric turn of mind has estimated that nearly \$45,000,000 has been invested in nonproductive, nonessential and purely ornamental church buildings in this country, chiefly in the form of steeples. If this feature of ecclesiastical architecture were dispensed with, according to his estimate, and the amount represented in steeples alone turned into the regular channels of church beneficence, the religious denominations would be relieved for a long time to come from the necessity of making frequent and imperative demands for money for the support of their mission boards and other established agencies for promoting religious work. —Leslie's Weekly.

Practice Makes Perfect.

She—Ferdie, have you ever loved before?

He (unabashed)—Why, of course, dear, else how could I now love you to perfection?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Views of El Reno.

When the men at the foot of the list go down to pick out their land, they can form some idea of what a woman gets when she is late at a bargain sale. —Atholton Globe.

SCHWAB AND LABOR UNIONS

Is the Trust Magnate as Mean a Man as He Would Have Us Believe?

(Special Correspondence.)

There he before me as I write a picture of Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, and some statements made by him about the labor unions and the workmen. The following is what appears:

"The question of organized labor is not a question of wages. It is a question of more vital importance. It is a question of administration, of running your own works in your own way. I have nothing to do with labor organization, but if I was a workman, and I was at one time, I would not belong to a labor organization. They put all men on the same level.

"If I was a bright, alert, competent man, I would not be put in the same class with the poorest man. Organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance."

I used "appears" advisedly in alluding to Mr. Schwab's statement because there is so much more in it than appears in the printed word. Interpreted according to its spirit, this is what Mr. Schwab says: "If I were in a shipwreck, I would rush for the lifeboat and leave all the weaker men, women and children to look out for themselves.

"If I were in the lifeboat and I were 'bright, alert and competent,' I would not consent to an equal division of the food; I would take what I wanted and let the weaker ones take what was left."

"If I was in a burning building, I would force my way out, even if I do so I must trample on women and children and wet my feet in their hearts' blood."

This is the spirit of what Mr. Schwab says, and yet I cannot think he knows what manner of spirit he is of. It is an old saying that to the man wearing green spectacles everything looks green. To the man wearing commercial spectacles everything bears a commercial appearance. Not for a moment can I believe that Mr. Schwab would act, in case of a shipwreck or a fire, as is indicated by what he writes he would do as a workman.

I imagine that his actions, translated into words, would be these: "I am bright, alert and competent. I am not a pig; I am a man. As such these men and women are my brothers and sisters. They may not be bright, alert and competent. All the more, then, they need me. I am now a cowardly brute to seek my own safety and welfare regardless of my comrades in danger. My brightness, alertness and competence shall be used in their service. At least I can see that the strong ones among them do not forget that they are men and, like beasts, trample down the weak ones. If I were to save my life now, while there is hope of rescue, and leave those to perish whom I might help, the shame and regret of it would haunt me as long as I live."

Of course Mr. Schwab would not stop to reason this all out. Being "bright, alert and competent," as by implication he says he is, he would act instantly, and not having on his commercial glasses, he would act like "a man and a brother."

Nothing ever showed me the utter inhumanity of our present business condition so plainly as Mr. Schwab's opinion of the labor unions and the workmen. General Sherman said, "War is hell." He might have added, "It makes devils of men." The saying is just as true of industrial war as of any other kind.

Whether or not it is true that "organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance," it seems to me quite true that organized labor must come to mean that before it can accomplish any permanent good, the Knights of Labor struck the same key when they said, "An injury to one is the concern of all." When the workmen recognize their unity and recognize the truth that all the people should be workers, it will not be long till workmen will be emancipated from wage slavery. All honor to every "bright, alert and competent" man who stays by his comrades and refuses to be advanced "unless all the others advance."

There is still room for heroism, for tenderness, for truth and bravery in this awful class struggle, however much such qualities may be derided as sentimental and unbusinesslike.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Denver, Colo.

TROTTER AND PACER.

Javelin, 2:08 1/4, has a foal at foot by Star Pointer, 1:59 1/4.

Martha Marshall is the only pacer that has won a heat from Dan Patch this year.

Harry Logan, 2:12 1/4, pacer, who was very successful in early races, has been returned to California very lame.

John Nolan, 2:08, now an almost forgotten horse, is said to be going sound again. He broke a bone in his ankle last year.

A. Corbin, Jr., drove his mare Maggie R. a mile in public at the Gouverneur (N. Y.) track recently in 2:10 1/4. She was paced by an automobile.

Jenny Mc, by McKinley, is the dam of the three-year-old pacer Silver Coin, 2:10 1/4, by Steadway, and she is the first producing daughter of McKinley.

Nancy Hanks, 2:04, is now in the great broad mare list, having produced Admiral Dewey, 2:14 1/4, by Bingen, and Ralph Hanks, 2:27 1/4, by Ralph Wilkes.

Harry Hamlin has given to the West Point Military academy the colt Autumn King, by Maubruno King, dam by Belmont, Jr., and his name has been changed to Hamlin Cadet.—Turf, Field and Farm.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Young Phone Operator.

Virginia Pixley, 18 months old, daughter of William A. Pixley, knows how to use a telephone. She is believed to be the youngest long distance conversationalist in the world.

Virginia first had a dawning conception of the telephone four months ago when she discovered that by talking into the receiver she could negotiate with her father for candy while he was down town at his office. Mr. Pixley is one of the officials of the local telephone company.

The girls in the central office soon came to know who was wanted when a baby voice called over the phone, "I want my papa."

The most exacting duty of Virginia's nurse is to keep her away from the table which holds the telephone transmitter. She is able to recognize the voices of all the members of the family and to distinguish between them.

There seems to be something of heredity in the child's fondness for the



VIRGINIA AT THE PHONE.

instrument. She has mastered all the details of "calling up" and "ringing off" and is able to repeat the numbers of several telephones in the offices of friends of the family. From the time she was a few months old she watched her father with great interest whenever he used the phone. As soon as she learned to lip a few words she seemed to know intuitively that if she spoke them into the transmitter there would be somebody at the other end who would hear and answer her.

The Bee and the Violet.

The following pretty fable is signed with a nom de plume, but the Junior likes to give credit where it is due. The author is Penelope Clarke:

One day a honey bee went buzzing by a little violet.

"Good morning, pretty violet. How are you?" buzzed the bee.

"Good morning to you," said the violet, blushing as bright as could be.

"What good are you to the world?" said the bee. "You do nothing but lie in the grass."

The violet said nothing, but listened quietly to the bee's complaint.

"Look how smart I am," said the bee. "I supply people with honey, but you do nothing at all. Learn at once to be of some use in the world."

"I am of use," said the violet.

"Take my advice," snapped the bee, "but I can't waste my time talking to you." And away he flew.

Just then a girl and boy came into the garden and seeing the pretty violet stopped to pick them.

"Won't mamma be pleased?" said the girl.

"Yes," said the boy. "I would hate to be sick so long."

"This is the prettiest of them all," he said, stooping to pick up the violet who had spoken to the bee.

"It smells the sweetest of them all," said the girl.

"Yes, this is what I will do," thought the violet, filling the air with perfume.

The boy and girl went into the house and gave the violets to their mamma.

The bee, unconscious of this, went about his work.

A Glass of Water Under a Hat.

Place a glass of water upon the table, put a hat over it and offer to lay a wager with any of the company that you will empty the glass without lifting the hat. When your proposition is accepted, desire the company not to touch the hat, and then get under the table and commence making a noise, snacking your lips at intervals, as though you were swallowing the water with infinite satisfaction to yourself. After a minute or two come from under the table and address the person who took your wager with, "Now, sir. His curiosity being of course excited, he will lift up the hat in order to see whether you have really performed what you promised, and the instant he does so take up the glass and, after having swallowed its contents, say, 'You have lost, sir, for you see I have drunk the water without raising the hat.'"

Tit For Tat.

"Let's wait in the corner, Nelly, and throw at young Ted's tall hat; it is only a bit of fun, you know, and there is no harm in that."

"Well, Tom, I should like to do it. But we must not hurt poor Ted; yet he looks so grand and stately. I should like to throw at his head."

"We ought to laugh all together. We wouldn't hurt any one. He can throw at us back again, you know, and snowballs are such fun."

"Well, here goes, Nelly! He, Teddy! Look out for your new alk hat. Here's one, two, three; make ready for me to knock it flat."

But Teddy burst out in laughter: "I knew you had me in view. I was getting ready for this game. Here's one, two, three, for you!"

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

NOW THEY ARE MADE READY TO MEET MISHAPS AT SEA.

The Life Saving Outfits That Are Carried by the Atlantic Liners. Paraphernalia Required by Law. Those Who Die at Sea.

Going down to the sea in ships is generally regarded as a risky business. Even persons who would take their lives in their own hands are squeamish about putting them into other persons' hands. This squeamishness doesn't keep many of them ashore, but it makes most men, and probably all women, wish they knew how many lifeboats stood between them and a watery grave.

When the manager of one of the lines of ocean steamers was asked what preparation his company makes for saving passengers in case of accident, he said: "In the first place, we don't expect to have an accident."

"But if you do?"

"Then we have lifeboats, life preservers, life rafts, lifelines and all the paraphernalia required by law. Our steamers sail between New York and an English port and are therefore subject to the regulations of the British board of trade as well as to the American rules. In order to clear a vessel carrying passengers from a British port we must be inspected or surveyed by the British surveyors before we can get a certificate. This has to be done before every departure from their ports. That means we are surveyed by their inspectors every few weeks. When that takes place, all our fire apparatus is examined, and we have to go through a part of the boat drill. A certain number of the lifeboats are swung overboard to show that the davits are in working order, and one of them is lowered to the water.

"We used to have drills at sea, but that meant that the whole ship's company must appear on deck. The firemen came up in their undershirts or without them, as the case might be. The stewards, the cooks, the butcher, and the baker, and the scullion—everybody turned out. It wasn't what you might call a dress parade, and we gave it up. Drills are had in port now. We have lifeboats with a carrying capacity of 1,500, although we rarely have more than 1,300 or 1,400 souls aboard. When we have carried over 1,500 out from England, we put on rafts for the balance."

A big ocean steamer carries a whole fleet of lifeboats. Here is the list of the boats carried by one of the German steamers: Ten steel boats of a capacity of 320 cubic feet each, two steel boats of 300 cubic feet each, twelve collapsible boats of 304 cubic feet each and two wooden ones of 124 and 155 cubic feet respectively. The cubic capacity of a boat is of interest because upon that depends the number of persons it can carry. According to the law in this country, the carrying capacity of a lifeboat on an ocean vessel is found by multiplying the cubic capacity by six and dividing the result by ten. According to this rule, each of the largest steel boats above mentioned would be allowed to carry thirty-one passengers. As a matter of fact, they are expected to carry fifty or sixty.

The lifeboats are always ready for use. They are not elaborately stocked, but each one carries a certain list of articles stowed away so as to economize space as much as possible. Each boat contains two casks of water, a case of sail biscuit, nine oars, extra corklocks, sail and mast, fireworks for making signals of distress, lamps, oil, boat compass, axes, rope ladder with wooden rungs, bailers and plugs for stopping leaks.

The shipping regulations in this country require an annual inspection of steamers which "must be made only on written application" by the owner, master or authorized agent. Our shipping laws are modeled on those of Great Britain, but in this respect are considerably less rigorous. We have no inspector to see that there is a fire drill or that the life saving appliances are ever tested, except once a year "on written application." The certificate then issued is good until the next annual inspection. As for the drills, there is a law requiring them to take place once a week, and the fact that the drills are held to be entered in the log-book. Excellent law. If the drill is always held and recorded and the busy inspector looks through the logbook for the whole year and satisfies himself that it is all there, then the excellent law is most excellently observed.

Here is the British regulation for the inspection of steamers carrying passengers from British ports: "A ship shall not clear outward or proceed to sea on any voyage unless she has been surveyed under direction of the immigration officer at the port of clearance, but at the expense of the owner or charter thereof, by two or more competent surveyors, to be appointed, etc. The survey shall be made before any portion of the cargo is taken on board, except so much as may be necessary for ballasting the ship and such portion as is taken on board, shall be shifted, if required by the surveyors."

While the proportion of passengers lost at sea is remarkably small, the proportion of those who die at sea is still smaller. Obscure persons unaccompanied by friends are recommended not to shuffle off their mortal coil on shipboard unless they have a fancy for being buried at sea. Steerage passengers who die—and they form the majority of those who do—are always buried at sea and in very short order too.

In the case of cabin passengers it all depends on circumstances. All steamers carry one special coffin, but as a general thing only one. This can be hermetically sealed and would be used for bringing into port the body of any one of especial consequence or of any one accompanied by friends who objected to a burial at sea.

If a man was not well known and was unaccompanied by friends, his body would not be carried to port unless the ship was only a day or two from landing. The steamship man who gave this information said it was rather a delicate question whether a corpse had any rights. He did not know whether the friends of a person who had been buried at sea would have a right to protest because his body had not been brought to them. The captain's word is law aboard ship, and if he chose to bury anybody who had died he would probably be within his rights.—New York Sun.

Foiled.

"Hair singed, sir?" the barber said, with a rising infection.

"What good does it do to singe it?" demanded Mr. Tye-Phist.

"Makes it grow better."

"No you can get to cut it offener, hey?" said Mr. Tye-Phist fiercely. "No, sir! It grows too blamed well now!"—Chicago Tribune.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, R. G. R.

Meets at Hall, Petros Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Willis B. Mathes, P. C.; Robert M. Herriek, N. C.; Allison L. Phinney, V. C.; Charles C. Charless, H. P.; Fred Heiser, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanscom, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George F. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Seooma on Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of December.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R. H. R. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 3, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Wm. P. Gardner, C.; Chas. B. Allen, V. C.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Chas. W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcolm D. Stuart, Ex.; Wm. C. Berry, I. P.; Wm. Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

88600D LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in "Old Fellows" Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Frederic B. Higglis, N. G.; Charles J. Pendexter, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed with degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

YOU CERTAINLY WANT THE PUREST FINE OLD

KY. TAYLOR WHISKEY

Full Quarts. 8 Years Old.

R. H. HIRSHFIELD, N. E. Agent,

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For Sale by Case and Bottle by Globe Grocery Co.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

Dr. James W. Bashford has declined the presidency of the Northwestern university.

Dusseldorf, Germany, grants each of its high schools 500 marks a year to assist the teachers of foreign languages to perfect themselves by making short sojourns abroad.

Glessen university insures its students against accident, paying \$3,000 in case of death. Medical, chemical and veterinary students pay 20 cents a term for insurance; for the others no charge is made.

Miss May Esther Carter, a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan university and for several years woman principal of the West Virginia Conference seminary, has been elected principal of the Woman's college at Jacksonville, Ill.

OUR UNEASY NEIGHBORS.

Nothing could be more absurd than for those South Americans to begin killing each other. They have only got a few inhabitants to the square mile of territory as it is.—Exchange.

Like the Frenchman who every morning when he awoke asked what sort of a government he was living under, with each recurring sun the South Americans might inquire what the day's particular war was about.—Philadelphia Times.

A Woman's Voice.

An experienced aeronaut has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about five miles, while that of a man has never reached more than a mile.

China's Population.

Chinese historians estimate the population of their country in the year 711 after Christ at only 50,000,000. In 1580 the accepted figure was 65,000,000; in 1792 it was 307,000,000. The present population is probably between 370,000,000 and 400,000,000.

Beer.

The United States uses 1,220,000,000 gallons of beer in a twelvemonth.

Edible Insects.

A French entomologist has found several species of insects that are edible and is trying to break down the prejudice against them as articles of diet.

Poultry Farming.

Poultry farming does not require a great deal of land, but with good management the harvest comes every day, and, although it is small, it makes a sum that compares favorably with the returns from more pretentious ventures.

Expert Testimony.

"Doctor, don't you think that raw oysters are healthy?"

IE HUMAN COUNTESSANCE FROM A RACIAL POINT OF VIEW.

ricenturists Do Little More Than approximate Peculiarities - The American Face Is Not Distinctive in Any Sense of the Word.

Faces present many interesting studies," said an observant citizen who had scanned one of the comic papers, and I have been conducting a quiet literary autographic study with the human face as the basis. I have come to the conclusion that the American face is not distinctive in any sense of the word, or it has any distinctive feature, it is in the fact that there is no strong characteristic that would differentiate it from the faces of superior races. There is something that will call it up in the mind of the world's group of Caucasian faces. Yet this is not true of other white faced races. The English face, the French face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the Scotch face, the Indian face and even a negro face, all these have something out of them which will call up a definite picture in one's mind.

"The English face is a trifle dim in the lid's eye, and yet one may think of the forehead and the high cheek bones. The French face is distinctive. The Italian face, while not strongly portrayed in a picture, is yet definite enough. The Jew face is easily differentiated, and it may say the same of the Irish face, which may slightly mix for the moment the Chinese and the Japanese face, it still the line of difference is clearly marked. There is, the poor Indian, whose face one may never forget. The negro face is thoroughly distinctive.

"But what, shall one say of the American face? Take this comic paper I have been scanning. And, by the way, there is one curious thing about the faces which one may find in comic papers, a thing which one may call a police station in caricaturing. The Jew face, the Irish face and the African face are the vorities with the men who grind out the alleged comical pictures. They always make a clownish money grabber of a Jew, a representation as unjust as the old stage portrayal of Shylock or the Jew of Malta with his cap, his red fringe whiskers, his wig and his cringing look. They were equally unjust to Patrick's son is nearly always a ditcher, his pick, his pipe and his overalls, and the only justice they do him is in preserving his inimitable wit. They fail to do even so much for the Jew. In both cases the pictures show signs of having been made with the meat ax on the other's block, for they preserve nothing but the grotesque abnormalities of a few races. And the negro, well, he always hangs around the hen roost. "But these faces stand out merely as pawns and not as serious portrayals of the racial characteristics of the races to which they belong. They are of course suggestive of certain peculiarities which are common to all members of the races presented. But they are horrible exaggerations, unjust and almost criminal exaggerations, for it cannot be said that they are accepted with indifference by persons who are prejudiced one way or the other.

"But I was speaking of the American face, with its lack of distinctiveness," a observant citizen continued. "The American face is probably peculiar in many ways. It is peculiar in its cosmopolitanism. It is in one sense a composite face. It is international in one sense, for here and there one may find traces which suggest a relation to this, that or the other race. It may be a line or a ligament bequeathed by an Irish or English ancestry or something suggestive of Teutonic origin or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Italian's or the Scotchman's or the Chinese or the Japanese or some slight hint which would lead one back through the flood and mists of the ages to the sterling old forefathers who lived in foreign countries and died under different flags and in different climes long before the Mayflower touched her bow against the soil of the new western world. Of course the American may be picked out in the crowd. "But when one must deal with the American abstractly one can scarcely call up the American face. Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply cut hat, his plug hat, his whiskers and his land, good natured face, is a happy exception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face. It is the unique in its likeness and unlikeness. The lines and ligaments, the muscular interlacings, the curves and recesses of the forehead are still there, and yet they are too delicately traced to be remembered when the face has passed by memory.

"So I have reached the conclusion after these reflections that the American face is not distinctive in the sense that he mind may call it up at any time and separate it from the faces which are associated with other superior races. Among the home folk there are certain things which will enable one to call up a face which is probably distinctive in its Americanism, and yet it could not be accepted as the face which would correctly and adequately represent the whole race of Americans. For instance, there is that man by popularly called the Rensselaer face, the face which one may find in the rural sections of the United States, the face of the agriculturist and the farmer. There is a certain type in the remote country sections which is probably peculiar to Uncle Sam's domain, and yet it would fall far short of representing the American face, just as far as the grotesque portrayals referred to in connection with other races and other nationalities. It would only represent a small number of Americans, and while the type is thoroughly American and substantial enough in its representation, it would give no idea of the facial appearance of the vast majority of American citizens.

"Thus it would be with every other class, or one might take all the classes and make a composite picture, copying from each the characteristic that was most marked in its Americanism, and yet the picture would fall much below a faithful portrayal of that infinite cosmopolitanism of the American face as it really is. And it would still lack that distinctiveness which would enable one to call it to mind as readily as one may call up the face of some representative of another race where the features are more strongly differentiated."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Life is too short to read the whole story, so don't criticize the book before you have read it.—Boston Transcript.

THE JOBBERNOWLS AND THE TORNADO GIANT

Copyright, 1899, by Caroline Wetherell.



"I am tired of Porto Rico! Here I do not care to stay!" French Marie would say each morning in her little French way. But the others laughed and waited in the hope of further sport. For, besides their funny circus, there was none of any sort. As the Jobbernows in hammocks swung one sultry winter day, they heard an awful booming, a great grinding down the bay. On it came—a cloud of darkness—the tornado dark and grim, Tearing Jobbernows and hammocks from the slender palm tree limbs.



Oh, of course they all were frightened as they blindly whirled around, in the midst of clouds and dust streams, skimming swiftly over the ground. When their eyes got used to darkness and they righted up a bit, there they saw the old storm giant in his misty cavern pit. He had eyes like scraps of sunset, and his teeth were shaped like saws, and his mouth was like a furnace, and his hands were only claws. People knew the storm was coming over the waves along the shore, for he urged along his cyclone with a fierce and rumbling roar.



When the Jobbernows beheld him in his dark and gloomy lair, all their limbs with terror rattled and the paint came off their hair. For the giant grinned with pleasure as he sought his cupboard strong, taking down his copper kettle and a platter broad and long. Just as he prepared to eat them Ole gave an awful yell, while the giant roared and clattered on a hideous dinner bell. Then, unless the Roc, who'd lost them, had known more than you or I, the old giant would have feasted on a Jobbernow potpie.

Maneuvering a Lioness.

Lions and tigers when in their native jungles keep their claws at the proper length and in good condition by constant use and also by occasionally digging them into the bark of large trees, wearing away portions of them where they grow too long. When they are captives shut up in narrow cages, they cannot do this, and the result is that they often have ingrowing toe nails.

Alice, the blind lioness in the Central park menagerie, New York, had six ingrowing toe nails cut off a short time ago. She is about twenty-five years old and has been blind for ten years.

It took five keepers and two policemen to make Alice submit to having her claws cut. She had been lame and suffering from the ingrowing claws for a long time, and the operation was necessary. The men lowered a noose made of rope an inch thick from the top of the cage and, after catching Alice in the noose, drew her to the front of the bars. They tied her down firmly and caught her paws in nooses of smaller ropes. Even then she would at times pull all six men, who were holding the ropes, right up to the bars of the cage. An inch or more had to be cut off each of her nails. It hurt Alice a great deal, and she made a fearful fuss and howled until all the other lions joined in the chorus.

After it was over Alice walked about without limping so much and showed many signs of satisfaction at the absence of the painful naillike splinters of claws that had been torturing her for a long time.

Battleships Slide on Soap and Tallow

"It costs from \$4,000 to \$5,000," said the manager of one of our biggest ship-building yards the other day, "to launch a battleship.

"The building of ways for the ship to slide down is the main item, and then comes the greasing. Every inch of timber over which the vessel slides must be covered with a lubricant. Soap and tallow form the main ingredients. We use a layer of beef tallow and a layer of soft soap. From one to one and a half tons of the stuff is required to move the average battleship.

"The tallow is spread on first to the depth of about three fingers, and the workmen use big flat trowels to make the surface as smooth as possible. Then they pour over the soft soap, which is just thick enough to run, or about the consistency of tar. "The double coating answers admirably, and the ship glides into the water quickly and easily. If it sticks, it is likely to spring some of the vessel's plates, and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them."

His Two Grandmas.

Johnnie and Amy are quarreling about their grandmothers. Johnnie says triumphantly, "I have two grandmas, and you have only one." Amy will not believe that any one can have two grandmothers and rejoins: "You want to fool me. How can there be two grandmothers for one little boy?" "I don't know," says Johnnie, "probably my grandmas are twins."

Schemers and All Outsiders Are Barred From Its Use.

Out of the thousands of professions that of the stage is probably the only one which can boast that a busy postoffice is maintained for its exclusive benefit. To those few laymen who know of this office's existence it is known as "The Actors' postoffice," for which it is intended, it is known far and wide as "The Mirror." No other letters but those intended for members of the theatrical profession are received at this postoffice, and a most rigid censorship is exercised. Outsiders and schemers who might try to use the office for their own purposes would fail at the outset, for their missives would be promptly sent to the general delivery.

The actors' postoffice was established many years ago in a corner of the office of The Dramatic Mirror, a newspaper devoted to the affairs of stageland. It has never been a very large office, but its business and importance to its clients have both increased to such an extent that it is now a recognized and necessary institution. It is also one of the busiest little offices in the United States, for nowadays no actor or actress troubles to give a private address. It is taken for granted that all correspondents know that the easiest and quickest method of sending a letter to a theatrical person is to send it to The Mirror office.

In this way the little office has become the clearing house for all theatrical correspondence. Most traveling theatrical companies furnish a printed route list, with the name of each town and the date at which each theater will be visited during the season, accompanied in each instance by the date. Thus the actor's friends know where and when to write to him at all times during the season. It happens sometimes that an acquaintance is not sure of the route, and this is where the little postoffice comes in. The letter is sent in care of The Mirror, which publishes each week a list of all letters received. These are held until called for or sent for. An actor who is playing in San Francisco, for example, will glance through the letter list and, finding his name there, will send a stamp to the postmistress, who will forward his letter to any place on his route, according to instructions.

If a theatrical manager wishes to communicate with an actor whose address he does not know, he sends the letter through The Mirror, feeling sure that it will reach him through that medium. Thus the little postmistress is kept busy, while many amusing incidents occur just outside her iron grating. She might tell some sad stories, too, if she were so minded, of letters that never came and humorous anecdotes of the pompous demeanor of some players who come to inquire for letters with as tragic a mien as though they were enacting a scene from "Hamlet." Pathetic is the daily recurring call of the actor who, in answer to an inquiry, has written to tell some manager "the lowest salary for which I shall play the part" and who hopes to be signed and returned. Each day he peers inquiringly through the grating, at first with easy self-assurance, then more wistfully, as no reply is sent. At last the poor fellow is forced to "consider silence a polite negative," and he retires crestfallen and disappointed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Good Whistlers.

A story is told by a certain well known hunter which illustrates the skill some gunners acquire in the use of the bird whistle. On this particular day in fall the birds had not been flying well, and the gunners, who had been out since early morning, were one by one leaving for their homes. On his way home over the marshes one of them was on the lookout for grass birds and when he beheld a flock of them about to alight he at once crouched down in the tall grass by the edge of a creek and began calling.

It happened that another gunner, who was about to give up his day's work, heard the sharp and repeated whistling of what he supposed were grass birds, and quickly reloading his gun, he, too, picked up his whistle and began to call. First the man in the tall grass would whistle, then the man in the adjoining stand would answer, and this was kept up for a long time until it got so dark that had the birds flown past either gunner he could not have seen them.

Presently the gunner who was crouching in the tall grass ventured to rise and scan the marshes, when to his surprise and chagrin he saw the gunner in the stand do likewise. Neither wished to acknowledge that he had been deceived by the other's whistling, so they quietly disappeared in different directions without exchanging a word.

Spearing Muskrats.

The most destructive mode of capturing the muskrat is by spearing. Four or five rods of iron three or four feet long are secured in a cross section frame of wood or iron, and their points are well sharpened, and with this the hunter approaches the rathouse as quietly as possible, as the inmates are constantly on the alert and it alarmed will quickly run down their spiral stairway and out into the leads. Stepping to the side of the house the hunter reaches up over it and plunges the spears down through it as far as he can push them. With a pick he pulls the house to pieces and frequently finds two or three muskrats, and sometimes more, impaled by the spears. This destructive method is, however, not looked upon with favor by the sportsmen, as it tends to drive the rats away from the more accessible parts of the marsh.

London's Passion For Luxury.

The tendency among the British middle classes is rather to live above their incomes than within them, says an Amsterdam newspaper. There is also a passion for luxury in London, and a desire to display, which seems a peculiarly stupid and useless desire in a huge city, where one seldom knows one's neighbors. And so, too, the curial "pot luck" dinners of a generation ago have given place to ceremonial champagne functions, in which a man out of dress clothes is out of place.

The Trouble With the Cake.

When a cake contains too much flour or has baked too fast, it will sink from the edges or rise up sharply with a crack in the middle. If a cake has a coarse grain, it was not beaten enough or the oven was too slow.—Good Housekeeping.

Some men owe all they have in this world to others and some owe a lot more than they have.

There are friends who will stand by you to the last cent—your cent, not theirs.—Wasp.

GOIN' BERRYIN' AIN'T SO BAD

By Frank Farrington—Picture by R. F. Outcalt.



Goin' berryin' ain't so bad
"F it keeps you out of school.
I rather tramp the berry patch
Than study double rule
Of three or some such foolish thing.
But, my, it makes me mad
When right in vacation time
Ma sings out or dad:
"Johnny, berries gettin' ripe.
Just take a pal to chase
Yourselves up 'crest the pasture lot
To that old 'oller' place

"N' pick enough to make some pies."
Why don't they send me out
Along the meadow brook to catch
A nice big mess of trout?
The ain't no sport in gettin' scratched
All up with berry briars.
Why don't a feller's pa 'n' ma
Know better weller he d'sires?
Fish is just as good to eat
As any berry pie.
"F I go berryin' any more
"N vacation, I'll know why.

DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

How a Brave Lad Won This Title During the War of Rebellion.

Recently at Marion, Ind., W. H. Merchon celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday anniversary, but if he lives as long as Methuselah he will still be the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," the brave boy who led the attack at that battle, saved his captain's life and captured a Confederate colonel. It all happened in about sixty seconds on the famous field of Shiloh, a fierce charge of the Thirtieth Indiana volunteer skirmishers on the flank of a rebel battery. Will Merchon was the trumpeter, detailed from the drum corps, and, rushing through a dense underbrush, came out a few feet ahead of his company. The boyish heart stood still as he found himself in the presence of a rebel colonel, who was on horseback reconnoitering the field. He instantly covered the boy with his revolver and commanded him to surrender. Merchon threw up his hands, showing he was unarmed.

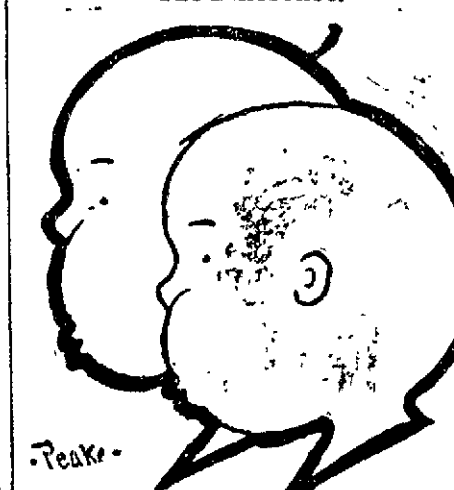
At this instant Merchon's captain sprang from the thicket, and the Confederate, thinking the boy was weaponless, immediately covered the Federal officer, but as he made the movement Merchon drew a revolver from his hip pocket and got the drop on the colonel.

It was a dramatic tableau, and the boys in blue, who at that moment swung into line, rolled on the ground and kicked up their heels in an ecstasy of delight as the youthful trumpeter ordered the gray headed officer to surrender. The crestfallen southerner obeyed, and the captain ordered him taken to the rear. The charge was continued and the battery captured, a lieutenant colonel, a major and the colonel being taken prisoners.

But Merchon received injuries that eventually put him on the veteran reserve corps, as, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a shell exploded on the ground on his right. He threw himself on his face and escaped being torn to pieces, though he was seriously injured on hip and spine.

That night as the soldiers gathered around the campfire the story was told of the plucky little bugler being a prisoner for half a minute and then saving his captain's life by capturing his captor. In honor of his extraordinary exploits he was nicknamed the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and when he won the reputation of being the finest drummer in Uncle Sam's service he bore no other name in the army of the Cumberland and the army of the Tennessee.

The Difference.



We are twins, if you please,
As like as two peas,
And the way to tell one from the other
Is by my blond hair,
Long, silky and rare,
While totally bald is my brother,
—Warrey Poole in Chicago Record-Herald.

Would Do Better.

A little fellow six years old was showing a visitor his drawing book containing pictures labeled "a bird," "a horse." "These are my worst ones," he explained.

"Indeed," replied Mr. Smith, "and where are the others?" "I haven't drawn 'em yet," answered young hopeful.

An Inference.

The Professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

Don't Mrs. Ernot—Whose boy did you say he was?

THE FARMER BOY.

What He Has a Right to Expect Compared to the City Boy.

The following are extracts from a prize essay written by Charley Hayne of Johnson, Neb., a thirteen-year-old boy, for a farmers' institute. The subject of the essay is "The Boy on the Farm." We quote only a few paragraphs from the remarkably good composition:

"Though he should do his share of the work, the boy on the farm ought to be given some of his own time. He ought to have plenty of good books and games. If allowed to finish at a common country school, he will have a fair education. The boy should have a room and a place for his things. He ought to have a pig or a calf. He might do as a boy in Kansas did. The farmer gave the boy a small potato and told him he could have land to raise the increase thereof until the boy became of age. At the end of the fourth year the boy had 400 bushels of potatoes, and the man wanted to be released from his bargain. Another man in Kansas gave one of his children two old hens and said he would feed the increase for four years. Two years have passed, and the boy has 200 chickens and \$84 in the bank. The man says he is afraid that in two more years the boy will own the place and charge him rent for living there.

"Give the boy a share of the garden truck. If he has a calf or a pig, he is more apt to care for it and the rest of them better. You could let him have a pair of skates, a gun and maybe a watch without missing the cost very much. If he wants to use a hammer, saw or ax, let him use them, but teach him to put them in their places when he gets through with them.

"What advantage has a farm boy? Perhaps you say he has none, but does the city boy have all the sunshine or exercise that he needs? The city boy does not come in contact with nature as much as does the country boy. Compare the farm boy of today with one of fifty years ago. Then he didn't get much schooling, generally went barefoot, and even when snow was on the ground he had to put on a pair of old shoes that his brother wore the winter before.

"A boy should be thankful that he doesn't have to shuck corn barehanded and always take a down row or blind wheel by hand. Who invented the machines for labor saving that are on the up to date farm? Did the city boy invent these? The common country boy knows enough to 'make his head save his heels.'

"What more can a farm boy want? He has good reading matter, good schools, good exercise and a good living."

A Wild Steer.

While an ocean steamer was loading at Montreal with cattle among other cargo, a big steer fell overboard, and for an hour the fierce animal swam around in the dock, to the delight of the spectators and the despair of the steamship hands. Finally a cattleman landed a rope around its neck, and a tug took it in tow to the vessel, where the beast was hauled on deck in a half strangled condition, but none the worse for its experience, and in two minutes it offered to fight everybody on board.—Golden Days.

The Mum Family.

There is a funny family,
Of which I often hear,
Of which the difference in size
To me seems very queer.
The family, I judge, is small—
Two seem to be the same,
And Minnie Mum the one is called,
The other, Max I. Mum.
Now, Minnie Mum is always shown
To be exceedingly small,
While Max I. Mum a giant is,
So very large and tall.

But hand in hand they march about
As fond as fond can be,
And proud they are to let the world
Their striking contrast see.

This thought I might have given you
In one short rhyming verse,
And that would be the minimum,
Or, what would be much worse,

Through stanzas something like a score
My mine I might let him
To tell the same, and that, you see,
Would be the maximum.

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Portsmouth.

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in times of danger. Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly. Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

Plenty of evidence to prove this: Mr. A. A. Shea, of No. 2 Langdon street, says: "I had kidney trouble occasionally for two years or more. Whenever I contracted a cold or did any lifting bad spells came on me. I did not have much backache. It was the kidney secretions that distressed and annoyed me. While in pretty bad shape I was induced by testimony appearing in the papers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, and I went to Philbrick's pharmacy in the Franklin block and procured a box. After I stopped them I felt no inconvenience from urinary difficulty. The lameness had gone with it. I consider this a good recommendation for Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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39 to 45 Market Street

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR WOMEN IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

She Learns in a Tank—Women and Dreams—Gowns for the Plaza—A Southern Girl Orator—The Topaz Reigns.

The governor of Maine is always an interesting personality, no matter who he may be. He is always a man who is nominated and elected for other in addition to political reasons. But the wife of the governor of Maine is a woman who is not often known outside of her immediate circle. The social functions of the governor of Maine are not numerous.

The wife of the present governor of Maine, Mrs. Hill, is, however, a woman who would grace any circle. She is a fine type of New England womanhood. Everybody in Maine is proud of her. The other day there was a great gathering of Maine people at Poland Spring.



MRS. HILL.

Governor Hill and his wife were there. The young generation of the old state was also there, but Mrs. Hill, it was remarked, was the most striking woman in the multitude. This was not alone because she is the wife of the governor of Maine, but because of her splendid womanhood. If Mrs. Hill made up her mind that she wanted her husband to go to the United States senate, she would doubtless succeed.—New York World.

She Learns in a Tank.
This summer's girl will know how to swim if one may judge by the number of young women to be found in the Turkish bath tanks at unannounced early hours in the morning practicing fancy strokes or sometimes taking lessons from an attendant.

Oddly enough, these girls say they learn more quickly in the tanks than at the regular swimming schools. At the schools most of the teachers use cork floats or trolley belts, and for some reason or other women fail to gain confidence while they have these artificial supports.

"I don't believe in the cork floats," said a Turkish bath attendant who numbers many New York women among her swimming pupils. "They give some aid in acquiring the proper movements, but they fail to give the learner confidence in herself at the very beginning. Once she has learned with a belt she must begin and learn all over again without it."

"The best way is to learn in a tank before going into deep water at all. The very first lesson in swimming is to make the pupil confident. If she strikes out in a tank, she knows that if she goes under she has only to pick herself up again."

"Sometimes I have stretched a rope half way across the tank and have shown the learner that it is possible to reach it from the steps by pushing the foot back against the steps as one starts. Once this has been done successfully and the swimmer has caught the rope at the end of the drive she has learned an important lesson—that is, that the water will bear her up if the body is properly poised."

"Women learn to swim easily enough, but they are slow in acquiring style. They will not go slowly enough, and they never, or at least very rarely, understand the impetus that sends the body along through the water. They depend too much on the hands and legs. But style in swimming means much besides being graceful, for it indicates courage, coolness, self confidence and a thorough enjoyment of the exercise."

"Women soon learn to use their arms gracefully, but their leg movements are wild and terrible. To cure this I have often had swimmers hold on to the side rail of the tank and practice the leg stroke only. Sometimes I take the pupil's feet in my hands and move the limbs automatically in the proper time, counting for each movement. After guiding the pupil in this way she will count as she swims alone and finally masters the motion."

"The grace of a swimmer largely depends on the power and sweep of her stroke. The hands, pointed directly ahead, should be held together while the swimmer counts one slowly after bringing the finger tips in touch. Resting on the stroke for this one moment allows the body to drive ahead from the impetus given by the kick. Most women part the hands immediately on touching them and thus waste force and retard their progress."—New York Sun.

Women and Dreams.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages and who read Spenser and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worthy a negro

mummy, if their sleep has been with unusual visitors they soothed as soon as their eyes are opened and look for an explanation. Misfortune is foretold by it, the after knowledge assumes it, she is far from feeling "I don't care," she says to herself by way of bolstering up her courage. "I'm not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same for days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck become connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she has had a visitant of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions to come. She is an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call herself superstitious—of course, no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder—but her friends do and make light of her until she exposes some fathom of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gowns For the Plaza.

In making a choice of summer models for piazza gowns one has every right to lay a claim to the chief d'œuvre of the couturière's art. The freedom of a choice like this means a great deal to the summer girl. Never before has summer finery seemed quite so seductive. Can the athletic girl forego the temptation and content herself with a half dozen or more duck skirts and a score of spick and span sliver waists this summer while her more coquettish sister revels in these bewitching confections? One is confronted with an embarrassment of choice among styles this season. The angular woman may favor the domed and tucked skirt and claim all that she desires in front effects. The upper part of her skirt may have the upper part of her skirt made on clove fitting principles and reverse all of the abominations of the lower part. In matters of sleeve and corsage the same expensive rule holds good. After all, to strive for becomingness is the duty that is nearest, says the Montreal Star.

We are simply dazzled by the quantity, the bewitching quality of the quality, of gauzy summer fabrics. A great many of our old, tried and trusted are with us again, but least enough change in their warp and weave to entitle a little change in the combination of their names. Gamine claims a bit more staid than gauze. Mulline for the same reason is superior to mull.

A Southern Girl Orator.

One of the most notable events of the recent state convention of United Confederate Veterans at Columbia, S. C., was the address of welcome delivered at the opening session in Columbia theater by Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, a Georgia girl, but now a resident of Columbia. The theater was packed with an audience of not less than 2,000 people, largely old soldiers, and on the stage were such famous soldiers as General Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. After several other speeches had been made Miss Lumpkin, a young woman dressed in white and with roses in her hair, was introduced as a Georgia girl now living here, who would welcome the veterans to her adopted home.

The oration which followed took the house by storm. An eyewitness relates that the chief justice of South Carolina, who was present, sat with tears streaming down his face during the pathetic parts of the address. "I cannot think you enough for coming, you Georgians," said Miss Lumpkin at one point in her speech. "They call me a 'Georgia crack,' but little do they know how proud I am of the title. Give me a horse and the knowledge that I am a 'Georgia crack,' and I'll ride the world down for you." The south has long been noted as the home of great orators, but until now all such have been members of the sterner sex. In Miss Lumpkin, however, there is an instance of a daughter of the south who seems as richly endowed with the oratorical gift as any of the sons have ever been.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Topaz Reigns.

Last winter the fashionable woman who could not possess a pearl or two in her jewel box felt that all the world stood awry. Every woman she knew wore pearls set in some form or other, and during the craze diamonds for a time lost their prestige.

Just now jewelers are polishing up and setting their supply of topazes, for the time seems ripe for a reappearance of the golden stone. Topazes must be set with amethysts and sapphires to give the good effect of contrast. Sapphires more particularly will be favored, so nearly does the blue match the glowing purple of the corallflower.

The jewel windows show topazes wonderfully set in ornaments of daintily carved tortoise shell, combs fretted out as fine as lacework and sprinkled everywhere with topazes in every shade, from pale straw color to deepest yellow.

Tortoise shell is the chosen setting for the new favorite, and beads the fancy combs wonderful bracelets are being made of the richly colored shell. Scarcely bracelets or bangles are there now ornaments, but old fashioned arm

that clasp the white members of the elbows.

Won Job and Husband.
When the proprietors of drug stores began to employ women prescription clerks, the men did not propose to stand this infringement on their territory if they could help it.

In one case of this kind in New York city the male clerks first demurred and carried the report of their resolution to their employer, who had engaged what they derisively termed the "woman prescription." Ultimately they all refused to work unless the young woman was discharged.

The woman in question was young, courageous and capable. When the proprietor told her, she promptly replied that she hoped to stay if she were satisfied with her accuracy in filling prescriptions. She remained. The men, feeling that they must act up to the requirements of their joint resolution, all left. Their places were filled without the least trouble, and the proprietors found the "woman prescription" such a valuable thing that he secured it as his patent right by marrying the girl. He now has a faithful and competent partner as well as a first class prescription clerk.—House Magazine.

About Summer Diet.

A physician who has reduced the science of health to a system of diet and exercise, with abundant bathing, declares that no meats, excepting lamb and chicken, should be eaten in hot weather, to which list, however, he adds fresh fish. Certain it is that much meat is unnecessary for even laboring men with the mercury among the nineties. The lazy West Indian negro grows fat on conch and bananas, the East Indian coolie toils all day long on his rations of rice. The hardy Arab conquered the world on a diet of dates and barley bread and ceased to be the terror of Europe only when he found such fare too simple for his taste. Cereal and milk for breakfast, bread and eggs with fruit for luncheon, soup and vegetables, with little or no meat, and a salad, may be the chief of the summer diet, in which there is sufficient nutriment. Outrained as a cereal is too heating to the blood to be advised. In fact, heavy workers, such as farmers, are alone the people for whom a steady diet of oatmeal is wholesome.

Growth of Day Nurseries.

One of the significant facts of city life is the growth of the day nurseries. They have grown at the rate of 200 per cent in the last five or six years. Originally intended for the babies of widows, it is found that 90 per cent of the children in day nurseries have both parents living. The mother is obliged to go out to work because her husband is out of work or is ill and cannot work or is dissipated.

Even with the rapid increase in the number of day nurseries there is always a surplus of applicants. Whether this indicates that more and more married women are becoming wage earners as well as housekeepers, whether it means that more and more fathers cannot support their families, or that they are losing their sense of responsibility in the matter and do not try, is an interesting question.—Harper's Bazar.

Women Artists at London Academy.

No fewer than 270 women artists are represented this year at the Royal Academy in London by works in oil, water color, black and white, marble or metal. This is a falling off of about 20 from last year's exhibit, but this is not surprising when it is understood that the total works of all kinds in the present academy is only 1,823 as compared with 2,077 last year. The women's exhibit consists of 150 miniatures, 118 paintings in oil, 55 water colors and pastels, 20 works of various kinds in black and white and 28 examples in the sculpture galleries. One of the most admired of all the works in this year's academy, either by men or women, is Mrs. M. J. Waller's "Bobby Abercrombie." It is described as a "sympathetic study of childhood" by the critics and declared to be clever.—Chicago Tribune.

The New "Economy" Trick.

It is a wise husband who gives his wife only new bills fresh from the bank. There are many wives who are always kept in fresh bills, and perhaps no one has surmised that there was no trick in this. It is a woman who has given the man away at last.

"I spend twice as much money when I have old bills as when I have new," she says. "I simply hate those dirty old bills. I can't bear to have them in my purse, and I take the first opportunity to get rid of them. When I have new money, it is so crisp and clean that it is a pleasure in itself, and I think twice before I buy anything which will take it away from me."

Sarah's Accomplishments.

Sarah Bernhardt's accomplishments are so numerous and varied that one is quite bewildered at so much talent in an individual. But, then, there is only one Sarah on this little planet. She is a painter and sculptor of merit. At the exhibition of 1900 one of her most pathetic pieces of sculpture was called "Après le Triomphe." She has written seven plays, which have been brought out at Paris, and is also the author of a variety of books, including novels. When at her country house at Belle Meur, in Brittany, she is found fishing and boating when she is not playing tennis or cycling.

The Turquoise.

The turquoise just now is enjoying an amount of popularity. Those who cannot afford the real stone buy imitations. They are worn in the hair, at the throat or waist and sometimes on the black patent leather slippers. Lace is studded with the small turquoise, and, well, no, we have not yet begun to fill our teeth with them.

THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over the songs of our life are sung. The same today as in ages gray when first the late was sung.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from that far day When men were brave and women fair and life was in its May Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to man In a song that lives because sweet pain has changed his earlier plan.

The hawk, the harvest and the bin and all life's spreading pain To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain. Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be: He grasps at a star and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of time were first begun, Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sun its gold, Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began, Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramids' prime has gone the way of time, But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then. The heart of man is a restless sea of varied star and flame, And only when its depths are stirred comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm and state; Over and over and over, since the shades on the living wait; Over and over and over, singing of sun in the living wait; The chow of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

—James Riley in Yonkers Statesman.

THE ROOKIES.

A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major, looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me. No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the file again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a celluloid collar. Beside him stood the huge bulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wiry frame of a cow puncher, next a fat boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from between the covers of some musty copy of "Pickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and fine frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major. "An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is what I'm up against. For heaven's sake, sergeant, take 'em away. Anywhere—yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in khaki or I'll go mad."

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to what the major had called the barracks. These were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were silhouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a deeper blue sea.

The major stood for a time gazing despondently after the batch, but when he caught sight of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a boulder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread before him warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices and beheld before him the rookies sitting in solemn silence a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking.

"He ain't much for looks," "C'wan," interrupted the longshoreman. "Did ye mind thin barrum o' hisn an' the snap in thin goggles? Did ye mind 'em? I ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'im ef—ef, mind ye, phwat O'm tellin ye—we gits into onny fightin'."

The cowpuncher opinioned of the major words too dreadful to print. They were so unusual that even the longshoreman, he of the picturesque verbiage, was shocked into swallowing his gird without a gasp and dropping his pipe.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only snored. Then the black eyed youth spoke up.

"Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing if we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

The longshoreman aroused at that, and, stretching his long arm, he grasped the cow puncher by the collar and asked:

"Was it that little major ye was cussin' in that way? Ef it was, jest ye swallow it. Mind ye, darlin', it's Mike O'Hoolahan o' the Red Star loine phwat a-talkin to ye, mind?"

Then Mike dropped the cowpuncher, who fumbled around his hip pocket for a moment and then lay still.

The black eyed youth grasped Mike's hand, and the talk passed to the mountaineer.

"He be a revverend man?" he asked. "I've shot at a many a one of 'em, but never met 'em face to face."

The cowpuncher looked gratefully at the mountaineer, and that time his hand lay upon his hip pocket meditatively.

"Rife?" he asked.

"Yep," said the mountaineer.

A moment of silence, and the Indian

glanced from one to the other, grunted and rolled over to sleep, with his head resting upon the upturned stomach of the fat boy. This act sent the major into a fit of laughter. He could not get up if he would, so he began to roll down the hill as he had done many a time in his boyhood, and presently he landed against the gray ropes of his own tent in "officers' row." The next time that the major looked upon the file of rookies it was with keen interest.

Now, between the major and this file of rookies came a captain, two lieutenants, the usual complement of sergeants and a corporal or two. Of all these none is of any account in this yarn except the first sergeant, because he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the major came to perfect understanding. In the meantime the captain had bit the dust at the stroke of a Mauser bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal—he's good for nothing at all.

This sergeant was named Grimes. How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though, every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a tiff.

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o' the way of fire when them regulations say as ye must. In there where ye be yell be killed."

"I will not, Grimes," said the major. "Did I get behind when we chased Geronimo?"

The sergeant gave a sardonic grin. "That ye did not, major, God bless ye, but ye've got to this time." With that Grimes encircled the major's waist with his arms and made to bear him to the rear, while the company lay smothering in the pampas, burning inside with desire to be up and at the run behind the sickly yellow flag that dropped beyond the hill.

"Kittie kitt, they calls it, eh?" said Mike, the longshoreman, to the black eyed youth.

"Fisht, phwat's that?"

"This time was the major speaking. 'You knew I'd do it, Grimes,' he said, 'but you wouldn't heed.'"

"By the 40 articles, it's your right," said Grimes, spitting out a discarded tooth, "but ye are behind me line."

And he was, but the best Grimes could do could not make the major lie down. The line lay between Hell river and the hill, a thousand miles or more from the hill where we left them awhile ago, with the rookies on one side snoring in the summer sun and the major rolling down the other side threatening at every turn to burst his waistband with the laughter he was holding in. They were in another clime, too, under a sun that burned like a scourge. Mosquitoes? No, they were Manner bullets, clipping at the tops of the pampas grasses, scattering the delicate blossoms on the heads of the file. Behind them were other files, some of them wading Hell river knee deep in mud and shoulder deep in water. But that didn't save them, for the fellows behind the yellow flag on the hilltop had got the range, and almost every minute some one of them went down to settle there in a slimy grave. Some cried out, others only groaned. Some were silent and just sank, lower and lower, and all, to the roll of the "missing after the fight."

But not one of the file in the front looked like a rookie. The fat boy was nearly as fat as ever, and his little pig eyes gleamed savagely as he strove to get two fat fingers inside his trigger guard at once. Now and then one of them swore. It was always the cowpuncher first, until he laid down his gun and crawled to the rear. A Mauser took him in the skull. One kick, and he lay still.

The lank rookie shuddered, and, impelled by an impulse he did not understand, he rose to bring the cowpuncher back.

Zing, zing, zing, zing, zing! "Listen to them!" sang out the black eyed boy. Down went the lank boy, his brains spilling into his hat. Then there were five of them.

Where all the rest of the company was only they and maybe their officers knew. The pampas hid everything. They might have charged. History says they did, but there is a dispute on a point of precedence in the matter. Some say that the seven rookies and the major and Grimes were left behind, but the major said no, and what were left of the lot agree with him.

It was the mountaineer's turn to go, it seemed, after the others had quit the light. He saw those two lying side by side, and his nervous force left him. But he was no coward. He did not shrink, as he might have done and often had doubtless. He got a good grip on his Krug, staggered up until his great length raised him even above the tops of the pampas. Then he clapped his hand to his throat and rolled over, with his lead next to the Indian's ribs.

"God!" said Mike and glanced down the file. There were beside him the Indian, the fat boy and Steve, and black eyes flashing. They said nothing more, but lay listening to the major and Grimes, who were at it again.

"Now, we didn't have to wait for no orders. We got 'em first them days, eh, major? It's heads we wants. I'll cuss, major, an afore long they'll be after makin' major generals an' such out'n sergeants. Sergeants, I tell ye, I'll be listenin to me?"

Just then came a tremendous shouting to the left. The big guns began to boom, and overhead the remnant of the major's file saw the shells sail and

burst. One of them exploded directly overhead, and the fat boy yelled.

"Keep it up, young un!" cried Grimes. "I'll do ye good."

The major began to get excited, and Grimes, watching him eagerly, whispered to the file:

"Git yer knees under ye, boys. If ye fall us, it'll be worse'n a settin' up ye'll get when the day's over." They got their knees under them, those four, and lay ready to spring. Grimes could not keep his superior down, try as he would, and when a hoarse shout sounded near them and a white haired old man, alone and on foot, broke through the grass before them, the major shouted, "Charge!" and disappeared.

Up they all went, but they fired never a shot until the slope of the hill brought them up, when, if they had looked back, they would have seen Hell river winding its sinuous way amid the tangle, bearing on its muddy surface a straying and melancholy fleet of empty campaign hats, sole signs of those who had worn them. But there was no such thing as stopping until they were entangled in the barbed wire guard, half way up, where they stood in the line supremely helpless, but supremely heroes. Not one had a knife save his bayonet. But there flopped the yellow flag, looking green now, in the rising mist of the smokeless powder. How it mocked them only they can know. They clutched their rifles and beat the tangled wires down. Then they ran, tumbling, choking and crying, until the new turned clouds on the earthworks beneath the flag met their eyes. The major flung up his arms, and the five—the sergeant had picked up the mountaineer's rifle—dropped down and fired. One volley rang out, then another, another and yet two more, and they paused to load again.

A bugle called the charge, and, still cramming the cartridges home, the little band rushed on. Another bugle called, and Grimes yelled:

"At 'em, at 'em, at 'em, er we'll get left!"

Then they were where the mist and the smell of the fight held them complete. One more roll, and their feet would be on dead earth. Grimes waded his rifle over his head, and the four rookies formed a phalanx. In a time of peace Grimes would have laughed at the show they made. Funny? Granted, but funny as grief is when a man's laugh grates and makes your blood run cold.

Then they marked time to the rhythmic swing of Grimes' rifle, with the bullets cutting the air between their very elbows.

"Charge!" cried the major, and Grimes' rifle lapped his forehead in a salute. And the phalanx charged evenly, step by step, stride by stride, until the major gave a yell that had been Geronimo's and their feet were upon the yellow clouds.

"Fire!" yelled Grimes. Five volleys blazed forth, and in a twinkling there was not a yellow face to be seen before them, for the trench was empty.

There had been six of them at that supreme moment, and some hours later there were only four, but then the sun had gone down, and in the far off sky over the water the first lone star of the Southern Cross burned like a watch lantern against the blue black sky.

All about them the campfires burned, and over the hill and valleys hummed the sounds of thousands of men resting on their arms. The four had dug two graves just outside the breastworks between the trench and Hell river, and in them they laid with reverent hands the bodies of the two heroes—the fat boy and the Indian. Then they covered them over with the yellow earth and left them where they had fallen just outside the works at the moment of victory.

"What a death to die!" said Steve to the major, and in reply, while Mike Grimes and Steve stood with uncovered heads, the major lifted his face to the stars and uttered Geronimo's yell.

Then they lay down to sleep.—New York Sun.

Her Compliment.

"Talk about your corduroy roads," said a young actress who played here recently. "Just let me tell you about the jolt the chambermaid dealt me the other morning. She has been letting me overdraw my towel account right along, so I felt that I was due to show my appreciation, and I gave her a pass to the show. She had a seat just to leeward of the orchestra leader, and I cooped her out for my bulleseye minute I came on. I don't want to give myself a curtain call, but I do get them going the minute I cut in in that part, and there's something doing the whole time I am on the stage. I worked overtime last night showing that chambermaid the real thing. I was it. I was the whole programme, with footnotes. I made the hit of my life. This morning I met her in the hall."

"Did you enjoy the performance last night?" I asked, giving her the cue to hand me out a few well chosen testimonials.

"Oh, yes," said she. "I thought it was lovely."

"Did you?" I asked, getting ready to bow my thanks.

"My, yes! she went on. 'I liked it ever so much. The scenery was just perfectly grand.'—Washington Post.

Didn't Change the Name.

A man named Palmer a long time ago made the English town of Rugeley notorious by an atrocious murder, and a deputation of the inhabitants waited on the home secretary with a petition for leave to change the name. The minister hesitated and asked what name they proposed to substitute. They replied that they had not decided. "What do you say," he said, "to taking my name?" They expressed their unqualified delight and obtained the home secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The home secretary in question was Lord Palmerston. The town is still known as Rugeley.

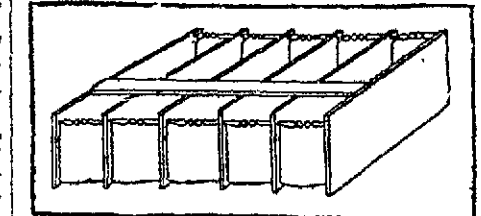
CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

AN INTERESTING GAME.

It Is Played With Croquet Balls and a Homemade Box.

Some time ago, when traveling in northern Wisconsin, I came across a new game, which, although simple and easy to play, was so fascinating that I think every boy or girl would enjoy it.

Here is the way to make the apparatus needed: Take six boards about eight inches wide and two feet long and place them on edge in a parallel position, with the long edges to the ground. With a gimlet bore a hole in each corner of the boards and through each set of holes thus made insert an iron rod two and one-half feet long. Adjust the boards on the rods so that a space of about five inches intervenes between each two boards. Cut ten tin or wood doors five inches wide and eight inches long to fit in the spaces under the rods and between the boards and then hang these doors on the rods with cord or wire, taking care to have them loose enough to swing freely. To make the apparatus steady nail a nar-



THE APPARATUS.

row board two and one-half feet long across the top of it, midway between the rods. You will now have a structure containing five oblong compartments, open at the top and bottom and closed at the ends by the swinging doors. Beginning at one end number the doors on one side of the apparatus 10, 20, 30, 40, 50. Now procure three large balls, croquet balls preferred, and your game is ready.

To play the game each contestant stands at a distance of thirty feet and rolls the balls, one at a time, along the ground at the little doors, the object being to send the ball with just force enough so that it enters one of the doors on the side toward the player yet does not go out through the corresponding door on the opposite side. Of course the larger the number on the door of the compartment in which the ball remains, the larger the count for the player. The game continues, the players—at which there may be any number—each taking his turn at bowling the three balls until some one has 200 points.—Lyman H. North in Brooklyn Eagle.

"No Trouble to Show Goods."

The merchant who hangs this motto in his establishment, or, better still, insists on his employees adopting it, makes use of an excellent advertising system. One customer well served usually brings others.

"Have you any red sweaters?" asked a

STON & MAINE B. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

ner Arrangement, In Effect June 24

is Leave. Portsmouth 3:50, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 10:55, 1:05 a. m., 1:25, 2:21, 3:05, 5:00, 6:35, 8:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:00, 8:00 a. m., 12:15, 5:00 p. m.
 Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 5:10, 11:20 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 5:50, 11:20 p. m.
 Wells Beach, 9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.
 Old Orchard and Portland, 9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:22 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 11:16 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
 South Conway, 9:55, 11:16 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
 Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55, 1:16 a. m., 2:40, 3:00, 5:22, 5:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m., 1:30, 5:00 p. m.
 Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a. m., 2:40, 5:00, 5:22, 5:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 9:00 a. m., 6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p. m.
 Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:25, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 1:30, 5:00, 8:52 p. m.
 North Hampton and Hampton, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 11:06 a. m., 1:38, 2:21, 5:00 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 2:21, 5:00, 8:35 p. m.
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 e Boston, 6:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:40, 10:10, 11:20 a. m., 1:30, 3:15, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 9:45 p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a. m., 6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p. m.
 e Portland, 2:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 4:00, 6:00 p. m. Sunday, 2:00 a. m., 12:45 p. m.
 e North Conway, 7:25, 10:40 a. m., 1:50 p. m.
 e Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 12:49, 3:30 p. m. Sunday, 7:00 a. m.
 e Somersworth, 6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a. m., 1:02, 5:44 p. m. Sunday, 12:30, 1:12, 6:58 p. m.
 e Dover, 6:55, 10:24 a. m., 1:40, 4:37, 6:30, 9:20 p. m. Sunday, 7:30 a. m., 12:45, 4:25, 9:20 p. m.
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 e North Hampton, 8:02, 9:28, 12:04 a. m., 2:19, 4:31, 5:05, 6:21 p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12 a. m., 8:15 p. m.
 e Greenland, 8:08, 9:35 a. m., 12:10, 1:25, 5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18 a. m., 8:20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

smooth, 8:30 a. m.; 12:45, 5:25 p. m.
 inland Village, 8:39 a. m.; 12:54, 3 p. m.
 ingham Junction, 9:07 a. m.; 1:07, 8 p. m.
 ng, 9:22 a. m.; 1:21, 6:14 p. m.
 mond, 9:22 a. m.; 1:22, 6:25 p. m.
 rning leave
 ord, 7:45, 10:25 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.
 chester, 8:30, 11:10 a. m.; 4:30 p. m.
 mond, 9:10, 11:48 a. m.; 5:02 p. m.
 ng, 9:22 a. m.; 12:00 m.; 5:15 p. m.
 ingham Junction, 9:47 a. m., 12:17, 5:16 p. m.
 inland Village, 10:01 a. m., 12:29, 5:04 p. m.
 sine connect at Rockingham Junction. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Middlebury, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Portland, Vt., Montreal and the west.
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 Information given, through ticket-sold and baggage checked to all stations, at the station.
 D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

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MUSIC HALL.

F. W. Hartford, Manager.

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 Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55, 1:16 a. m., 2:40, 3:00, 5:22, 5:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m., 1:30, 5:00 p. m.
 Rochester, 9:45, 9:55, 11:16 a. m., 2:40, 5:00, 5:22, 5:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 9:00 a. m., 6:40, 7:00, 9:45 p. m.
 Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:25, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 1:30, 5:00, 8:52 p. m.
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 e North Conway, 7:25, 10:40 a. m., 1:50 p. m.
 e Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 12:49, 3:30 p. m. Sunday, 7:00 a. m.
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 e Greenland, 8:08, 9:35 a. m., 12:10, 1:25, 5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18 a. m., 8:20 p. m.

Peck's Bad Boy

L. M. HEATH, PROPRIETOR.

All Laughs! No Cry!

THE BEST ACTING COMPANY!

THE BEST SINGING COMPANY!

THE FUNNIEST COMEDIANS!

THE BEST DANCERS!

Come! Laugh With Us!

Prices—35c, 50c and 75c.

Seas on rule at Music Hall Box Office Saturday morning, Sept. 21st.

Friday Evening, Sept. 27th.

A Stupendous Production of Joseph

LeBrand's Great Detective Play,

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

Gorgeous Scenic Display.

EVERY ACT A SENSATION!

Replete with Startling Situations and Mechanical Effects.

Sparkling Comedy. Thrilling Climaxes.

A Superb Company.

Prices, - 35, 50 and 75 cts

Seas on rule at Music Hall box office Wednesday morning, Sept. 23rd.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS

Upholstery and Mattress Work

F. A. Robbins, - - - 49 Islington St.

Send me a postal card will call and make estimates.

CANDY CATHARTIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Genuine stamped C. C. Never sold in bulk.

Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

WICHCHESTER'S ENGLISH

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine

SAFE, RELIABLE, PAINLESS, and EFFECTIVE

in all cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach Discomfort, and all other ailments arising from the bowels.

Price, 10 Cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

W. J. Flanders, G. P. & T. A.

rk Harbor & Beach R. R.

ve Portsmouth, 7:50, 11:20 a. m., 12:45, 3:07, 4:55, 6:45 p. m.

ve York Beach, 4:55, 9:50 a. m., 12:10, 1:25, 4:10, 5:50 p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

ve Are Now Receiving Two

Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE

HOPKINS CEMENT

only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

A. & A. W. WALKER

187 MARKET ST.

BURNS P. HOGMAN, Clerk.

HUMORS OF BANKING.

FUNNY INCIDENTS RELATED BY MEN IN THE BUSINESS.

ner Arrangement, In Effect June 24

is Leave. Portsmouth 3:50, 7:30, 7:35, 8:15, 10:55, 1:05 a. m., 1:25, 2:21, 3:05, 5:00, 6:35, 8:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:00, 8:00 a. m., 12:15, 5:00 p. m.
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